

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Researches on the Tenets and Doctrines of the Jeynes and Boodhists; conjectured to be the Brachmanes of Ancient India, in which is introduced a Discussion on the Worship of the Serpent in various Countries of the World.* By Lieutenant-Colonel WILLIAM FRANCKLIN, E.I.C. Quarto. pp. 213. London, 1827. Rodwell.

THE author of this volume, whose works, particularly the *Tour to Persia*, are well known and appreciated, not only in the East but in England, is a gentleman whose opportunities of acquiring information have been ample and numerous, and the volume now before us affords sufficient proof that the advantages he has enjoyed have been turned to the very best account. He is an antiquarian of deep research, but he has been eminently successful in giving a considerable degree of interest to those topics which in other hands might have been dry and unfruitful. The extensive field of Indian mythology, on which he has entered, is, notwithstanding the efforts of many distinguished writers to make us become acquainted with its rarities and peculiarities, almost unexplored by the general reader, and Colonel Francklin has been most fortunate in producing a volume which cannot fail to please by the judicious mixture of agreeable detail with the more important matter of his work. Of the religion of the Boodhists, the European reader is comparatively ignorant, although, as the author observes, the sectaries of Bood'h contend (and he thinks with justice) for priority of establishment over the system of modern Brahmanism, and even at the present day hold a balance with them in point of numbers, though the Brahmins possess the spiritual authority. Those two great sects (if he may so apply the term) the Boodhists and the Brahmins, occupy the whole of Eastern Asia, and probably altogether amount in number to nearly five hundred millions of people, the major part of which being of the former class. Any history, therefore, of a people so numerous must be of importance, and it becomes so the more universally when we consider how intimately it is connected with, and how much it illustrates and explains the authority of the Old Testament, on which we build so large a portion of our faith. The force of this observation will be felt when our readers are in possession of the facts brought forward, and the arguments adduced by the learned and indefatigable author of the work to which we introduce them. The volume commences by a statement (supported by a chain of reasoning) that the Jeynes—Bood'h and Jeyne being known throughout Hindostan to be one and the

same personage—were coeval with the magicians who wrought for Pharaoh, king of Egypt, the miracles recorded in Holy Writ, as opposed to those of Moses and Aaron, when they sought to lead the Israelites forth from the land of bondage; and the author then proceeds to point out the different portions of the eastern world which have been peopled by their successors. He then continues:—

‘We are informed that there were two Bood’hs; one of whom is described in the ninth outar, or descent of the deity on earth, as a holy and benevolent personage, who forbade his followers to practise the sanguinary sacrifices of men and beasts on the altars of India. The other, or minor Bood’h, is thought by the learned Maurice to be spurious, and to have been melted down by the Chinese into the god Fo. This latter, when death approached, is said to have addressed his disciples in the following words: “Whatsoever I have hitherto told you concerning spiritual affairs and a future state of existence is nothing more than an ingenious allegory. There are neither rewards nor punishments after life. The principle of all things is an immense vacuum; and human existence terminates in annihilation.” Such are affirmed to be the cold, uncongenial, and comfortless doctrines of the younger Bood’h, as detailed by the missionary Du Halde, which evidently allude to the worship established in China from a very remote period. But the Bood’h of the ninth outar is of a very different description; and, in my opinion, corresponds with the ancient gymnosophists.

‘It must be observed, however, that though the modern Brahmins acknowledge the elder Bood’h to be the ninth outar, they nevertheless assert that the doctrine ascribed to him is false, and fabricated by some other person. Of this opinion, also, was the late Sir William Jones, who has remarked, that although the most orthodox among the modern Brahmins consider Bood’h as an incarnation of Vishnu, yet they universally oppose the doctrines of the Boodhists with all the malignity of an intolerant spirit; a convincing proof, in my humble opinion, that, when the modern Brahmins put down and persecuted the followers of Jeyne and Bood’h, a thousand years since, they determined to inculcate among the followers of their own spurious system a disbelief and contempt of every thing that before had been held sacred by their adversaries the Boodhists; in order for ever to abolish even the traces of the former worship. Numerous remains, however, of this worship do still exist in every part of India, and more especially in the southern parts of the peninsula, as we learn from Buchanan and the Abbé Dubois. A learned, though unknown writer, who has given to the world much information on the subject of Indian mythology, under the signature of Manetho, has observed, that during a late journey, in 1819, he was surprised to meet with the ruins of a

mighty temple in the neighbourhood of Mirzapore, an opulent trading town in the zemandary of Benares. He observed, with no small surprise, that this temple had been constructed upon the same plan as that of the Bora Bood’h, the great or elder Bood’h in Java; and the amazing multitude of massy sculptures scattered in all directions proved the richness of the decorations which formerly ornamented its walls. In a field near this temple appear the ruins of many smaller fabrics, out of which, amongst several fine images of Doorgah, or virtue personified, were dug out two mutilated statues of Bood’h. These statues, says the intelligent Manetho, combined with the other images near this curious spot, prove the religion formerly prevailing in this country to have been precisely the same with that which obtained on the island of Java. He concludes with an energetic remark, of too great importance to be passed over, that the antiquities existing over every portion of this country are not less astonishing than the fact is remarkable, that hitherto they have been in most instances doomed to the most unmerited neglect.’

The author then proceeds to enter at considerable length into a minute detail of the origin and nature of serpent worship in the east; and this chapter contains much curious and interesting matter; as it may, however, without injury to the other portion of the work, be considered separately, we shall defer, to a future opportunity, our task of following him in this inquiry. ‘From the best accounts extant,’ observes Colonel Francklin, ‘it appears that about seven hundred years before the commencement of the Christian era, Veraa Vahoo, of the race of Goutama, or Guadina, Samona Codom, a follower of one of these sects (the Jeynes) violently usurped the throne of Delhi. This king and his immediate successors reigned one hundred and eight years. Maha Peti, or lord of the universe, was the third, and most writers agree in placing the era of Bood’h in the sixth century before Christ, and it is supposed that Bood’h was the son or relation of the aforementioned sovereign.’ The sect having been established in India by Maha Peti, and the Bood’haic sovereign, by whom he was succeeded, was subsequently persecuted by the modern Brahmins, who sought to ‘cut them off from the face of the earth.’ The Boodhists, therefore, emigrated to different countries, and carried with them the tenets and religious doctrines, for which they had long and manfully contended on the plains of Hindostan. The author then gives the following interesting account of the more prominent features of their religion:—

‘The religion of the Boodhists appears to be of a singular nature. They are affirmed not to believe in a first cause; and they consider mat-



ter as eternal; that every portion of animated existence has in itself its own use, tendency, and destiny; that the condition of creatures on earth is regulated by works of merit and demerit; that works of merit not only raise individuals to happiness, but, as they prevail, raise the world itself to prosperity; while, on the other hand, when vice is predominant, the world degenerates, till the universe itself is dissolved. Such is the strong language and doctrines of this extraordinary religion; and in it we may trace the principles of materialism in Asia to one of its primitive sources. In the account of the Jeynes, hereafter to be detailed, we shall find nearly the same extraordinary tenets obtaining; and from both we draw conclusions highly favourable to the truth of our own pure and holy faith.

'The Boodhists, however, suppose that there is always some supreme deity, who has attained to this elevation by his superior merit; but they do not regard him as governor of the world. To the present grand period of time they assign no less than five deities; four of whom have already appeared, including Goutama, or Guadma, the Bood'h of the Brahmins, whose exaltation continues five thousand years. After the expiration of that period, another saint, or holy person, will obtain the ascendancy, and be deified. It is from the triplication of Bood'h, in his capacity of great father of mankind, that three different sects of Boodhists have emanated; namely, Bood'h or Guatama, Cadmus; Jain or Jina; Arhan or Mahiman. Jain and Arhan are ultimately the same as Bood'h; just as Brahma and Vishnu of the modern Brahmins are identified with Shevan, or Siva, the great destroying power; and the three reigned conjointly, from that triad of great gods which was thought to be produced by the mysterious self-triplicating power of the great father. So far the learned Faber; and to this may be added the wonderful coincidence of these doctrines and the worship of Bood'h, so visibly obtaining in the remotest parts of the world, so far distant from each other, though bearing the stamp of a common antiquity, coeval with the deluge and second renovation of mankind, by divine ordination, in the person of the patriarch Noah, or the elder Bood'h. Boötes, or Butes, in the celestial sphere, seems to be the same as Bood'h of Hindoostan; who, according to the belief of the modern Brahmins themselves, was the ninth incarnation of Vishnu; who had previously appeared in the form of a man issuing from the mouth of a fish. He is represented as mild and beneficent, and adverse to bloodshed. This was doubtless an emblem of the ark, and the egress of the great patriarch and second father of mankind from that vessel, after so long a seclusion in the gloom of its recesses. It may here be remarked, that, according to Sanchoiatho, the Egyptian god Taautus, or Thoth, is the same mythological character in various parts of the world; that he is the Hermes of the Greeks, the Mercury of the Latins, the Bood'h of the Hindoos, the Fo, or Fohi, of the Chinese, and the Woden of the Scandinavians; or, in other words, according to the opinion of the learned Faber, all these ancient personages are equally resolved into the patriarch Noah; that the seven Cabiri and the seven Titans are the family of Noah; and that Missur, or Mizraim, and the sons of the Cabiri, are the grand-children of the same illustrious ancestor, the post-diluvian patriarch; a most remarkable and singular conclusion, and a never-failing key in unfolding the intricate mysteries of ancient mythology.'

Passing over some less important observations with reference to the nations in which their peculiar belief prevails, we proceed to a continuation of this highly interesting and instructive subject:—

'The lowest state of existence among the Boodhists is in hell; the next is that in the form of brutes: both of these are in a state of punishment for demerit. The next ascent is to that of man, which is probationary. The next includes various degrees of honour and happiness, which carries them up to demi-gods, or rather deified mortals; which is assumed as a reward for works of merit. Lastly, the ascent to divinity is from the state of man. We see here, then, in this whimsical system of the Boodhists, an evident resemblance to the metempsychosis of Ovid, and the doctrine of Pythagoras, who expressly states that he formerly inhabited the body of Euphorbus, the son of Pantheus, who was slain in the Trojan war by the Grecian prince, Menelaus. Pythagoras introduced this doctrine from Egypt into Greece; and is thus made by Ovid to unfold in impassioned strains the mysterious doctrine of the metempsychosis, and to describe the transmigration of the souls of mortals after death into the bodies of animals, and vice versa, according to their behaviour and occupations during their former state of existence; and he concludes with the very essence of the various Hindoo doctrines on this subject, whether of Brahma or of Bood'h, of Vishnu or of Jeyne.

'The Boodhists are taught that there are four superior heavens, which are not destroyed at the end of a Kalpa, or given period of time; that the highest state of glory is absorption into the divine essence; and yet, strange to say, they deny the existence of a separate supreme spirit: for the term Nirvana implies, according to the Birman derivative, only exemption from the miseries incident to humanity, but by no means annihilation. How, then, are we to account for this strange contradiction in the most essential part of their faith? It is difficult to conceive what they mean by the term "absorption into the divinity," if they do not believe in a supreme being. A Jeyne (who differs little from a Boodhist) was once asked by the learned author of the Religion of the Hindoos, why, since the object of their worship was neither creation nor preservation, they honoured him as God? He replied, that it was an act of homage to exalted merit. Persons among the Boodhists who perform works of exalted merit are admitted to the heavens of the different deities, or are made kings on earth: whilst those who are wicked are born in the forms of different animals, or consigned to different places of punishment. But the happiness of the heavens here described is wholly sensual, and consequently ridiculous. Five express commands are imposed upon the followers of Bood'h. The first forbids the destruction of animal life, which is precisely the case in the Jeyne doctrine. The second forbids theft; the third, adultery; the fourth, falsehood; the fifth, the use of spirituous liquors. Among works of the highest merit, they stupidly consider the feeding of a hungry infirm tiger with their own flesh to be the first.

'Respecting the Hindoo deities, the Boodhists believe that Brimha or Brahma is the head of the Bramhacharies, and lives with them in one of the higher heavens; that Vishnu, Siva, Kartick, and Somina, are the chief ministers of Indra, god of the firmament; and most authors are agreed that the followers of Bood'h in gene-

ral hold the modern Hindoos in a lower degree of estimation than even the Mahomedans, or members of any other faith.

'It appears, from the writings of the Burma Boodhists, that the ancient religion of that empire consisted principally in religious austerities. When a person first adopted the order of the priesthood, he immediately renounced the secular state, lived on alms, and abstained from food after the sun had passed the meridian; a custom which obtains among the modern Jeynes at the present day, as I shall hereafter have occasion to notice. Among the ancient records of the Brahmins an order of female priests is likewise mentioned; but it is probable that they were only female mendicants, as great numbers of this class of persons are seen throughout Hindoostan, the region of Tibet, Tartary, and China. A priest is forbidden by law to marry. They are to live solely on the bounty of their religious countrymen; and their stock of clothes and utensils is confined to only three garments; a begging dish, to solicit alms; a girdle; a razor; a needle; and a cloth to strain the water which they drink, lest they should providentially deprive an insect of life.

'The priests superintend the education of youth, and they teach gratuitously as a work of merit, their pupils being maintained at home by their respective parents. Should a priest perceive that his pupil is acute, and possesses good parts, he persuades the parents to allow of the youth being destined for the order; but should the youth, of his own accord, prefer a secular life, no restraint is ever imposed on his inclinations. The initiation of a youth into these schools is impressive. The parents usually give a feast, which continues for three or four days; at the termination of which the youth, arrayed in splendid garments and ornaments, and attended by a numerous retinue, is led through the town on horseback to the college of his preceptor, or gooroo. As soon as he arrives, he is stripped of his splendid attire; his head is shaved; he is clothed in a yellow garment, the favourite colour of the Boodhists; and a beggar's dish of wood is put into his hand. In this manner he is committed to the care of his tutor, to commence his career of study. During his tuition, he is instructed rigidly to observe the following rules of conduct: he is to abstain from the commission of murder, theft, evil desires, ardent spirits, food after the meridian, dancing, music, from flowers and perfumes, the luxurious accommodations of life, and the use of gold and silver. Should he fail in the performance of these self-denying propositions, he is disqualified from further advancement; but if he keep the rules of the obedient disciple, at the end of the prescribed period of twenty years he is admitted into the order of the priesthood.

'The injunction of precepts is carried among the Birman Boodhists still farther. Two hundred and twenty-seven other precepts are administered, the observance of which, for a period of ten years, entitles aspirants to the rank of priest of the first order, or antistes, and empowers him to found colleges, and have disciples of his own. Such are the means by which a Birman priest obtains a pre-eminence over his less persevering countrymen; and a philosopher, whilst contemplating the comparatively insignificant rules of discipline observed in the colleges of Europe, might either praise or deplore the Pythagorean strictness of a Birman university. The Boodhaic priests worship daily in the temples. The worship is simple and



chaste. It consists, like that of the Jeynes, in presenting flowers, incense, rice, betel-nut, and fruits. The priests, previous to service, carefully sweep the pavement of the temple; preserve the lights by keeping up and refreshing the fire; and receive the offerings. No blood is ever seen to flow on the pavement of a Boodhaic or Jeyne place of worship. The five great commandments before alluded to are solemnly repeated twice every day by the priest to the worshippers, who stand up, and respectfully repeat them after him.

The author next proceeds to explain the minor points in their religion, their peculiar customs and forms of worship, and describes the chief seat of that worship, in language as clear and comprehensive, as it is learned and affording abundant proofs of deep research and immense labour. It is quite impossible to extend our notice of this delightful and valuable book to a greater length than merely to extract the following passage with which it concludes:—

‘The whole of the foregoing documents being taken into due consideration, it is evident that, after a long and bloody struggle between the modern Brahmins and Boodhists, the latter being completely overthrown, the Samana Boodhists then migrated to Thibet, to the country of the Mogul Tartars, to China and Japan; where, as before seen, they fixed their religion and laws. But a very singular remark has been made by the learned Baron Humboldt, in his elaborate researches in New Spain, on the great continent of America, wherein he mentions his intention of examining not only the Mexican traditions respecting the destruction of the world by the deluge, but also to prove that traces of the Trimorti, or Indian trinity, are absolutely to be found in the religion of the Peruvians; a most remarkable circumstance, and strongly tending to corroborate an idea which I have all along entertained, namely, that the whole system of Pagan idolatry throughout the world carries with it a strong and striking affinity, collectively and separately; and that, with the single exception of the ordinations of Moses, and the establishment of the Jewish religion, its rites and ceremonies, by the divine dispensation, the system appears in its general bearings to be one and the same thing; until the glorious sun of Christianity, bursting forth with a splendour wholly irresistible, dispelled the clouds of darkness and superstition which had so long overshadowed the pagan world, and finally brought to light the Gospel of our blessed Saviour, and the establishment of the Christian religion. Since that period, and after a revolution of eighteen centuries, we perceive the most happy results obtaining in various parts of the habitable globe, and have reason for supposing its final triumph will, under the auspices and protection of the great Creator of the universe, and in his own good time, be rendered complete.’

We trust we have said enough to draw the attention of our readers to this admirable publication, the style of which is agreeable, the subject of which is as yet but little known, and the matter of which is highly interesting and instructive.

*The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, Hero and Leander, Lycus the Centaur, and other Poems.* By THOMAS HOOD. Post 8vo. pp.222. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

THOSE who are acquainted with the compositions of Mr. Hood only through the medium of the most popular of his published works, Whims and Oddities, will be somewhat surprised to find him exchanging the odd and whimsical peculiarities of his style for a strain as sentimental as any love-sick lady could possibly desire. Such is the case, however. The story of the loves of Ben Battle and Nelly Gray has found a rival in the sad tale of the loves of Hero and Leander; and the merry morcels that must have saved many a life in the gloomy month of November, have been succeeded by stanzas and sonnets, to read which must at least make the heart sorrowful and sad; while we are presented with a long Ode to Melancholy, instead of lively recipes to drive the ‘foul witch’ from our doors. This was a very dangerous experiment on the part of Mr. Hood: as the writer of those comic sketches, to which he is so mainly indebted for the fame he has acquired, he stood almost alone, and certainly without a rival; but when he entered the arena in another capacity, he had to contend with many against whom he is unequally matched, and it is no disparagement of his merits to say so. The natural consequence is that he has ‘sunk in the trial,’ and that he is not likely to add much to his reputation by a departure from a course in which he is universally acknowledged to be excellent. ‘Was well, would be better, fell sick, and died;’ not that we mean to apply the old adage in its fullest extent to Mr. Hood. In the volume now before us there is much to please, and much even to satisfy. It contains passages and occasional parts which would do credit to any poet; but as a whole, we cannot avoid considering it as a failure; the true stamp of genius is not upon the work; there are but few traits of the master-mind throughout its pages; but there are abundant proofs that the author was aiming to fill a station for which nature had not intended him, and that in this attempt at a higher flight, the author of Whims and Oddities has not fallen

‘Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.’ In these remarks, we refer to the more prominent features, the more important parts of the volume. It abounds in words and sentences, and even long passages, to which we feel bound to object in the strongest terms, as most unpoetical, absurd, ill constructed, or displaying much bad taste: such as ‘hushing dances languish to a stand,’ ‘horriddest shape,’ ‘startled me all aheap,’ ‘set me all agape,’ ‘and deal in gusty sighs and rainy flaw,’ ‘the air serener,’ ‘burns out the landscape like a flight of smoke,’ ‘that ancientest of kings,’ ‘I would consume all youth at one great meal,’ ‘mirrors when their joys did speak,’ ‘aimless dark,’ ‘she tops the billow like an air-blown bubble,’ ‘the light in vain keeps looking for her face,’ ‘O pernicious earning.’

‘And like a seal, she leaps into the wave,  
That drowns the shrill remainder of her  
scream;

Anon the sea fills up the watery cave,  
And seals her exit with a foamy seam.’

‘So they passively bowed—save the serpent  
that leapt

To my breast like a sister, and pressingly crept  
In embrace of my neck, and with close kisses  
blistered

My lips in rash love—then drew back and  
glistened

Her eyes in my face—’

We have quoted enough to show the gross and unpardonable faults with which the work abounds, and every reader of the volume will perceive that we have not extracted the only weeds it contains. Having fairly, and, we trust, impartially noted and condemned its absurdities, we proceed to a much more pleasant task, that of describing the principal poems, and pointing out some of their beautiful passages.

The opening poem is the Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, in which the author supposes the fairy race and their Queen Titania about to be destroyed by the destroyer of all things, Time,—when a preserver, no less than the poet Shakspeare, appears, and rescues them from the scythe of the tyrant, at the same time conferring immortality on the elfin band. The idea is extremely fanciful, pleasing, and happy, and there are parts of the poem beautiful, imaginative, and excellent. The following extract will afford as favourable a specimen of the style as we can select:—

‘Then that old mower stamp’d his heel, and  
struck

His hurtful scythe against the harmless ground,  
Saying, “Ye foolish imps, when am I stuck  
With gaudy buds, or like a wooer crown’d  
With flow’ry chaplets, save when they are found  
Wither’d?—Whenever have I pluck’d a rose,  
Except to scatter its vain leaves around?  
For so all gloss of beauty I oppose,  
And bring decay on every flow’r that blows.

“Or when am I so wroth as when I view  
The wanton pride of summer;—how she decks  
The birth-day world with blossoms ever new,  
As if Time had not lived, and heap’d great  
wrecks

Of years on years?—O then I bravely vex  
And catch the gay months in their gaudy plight,  
And slay them with the wreaths about their  
necks,

Like foolish heifers in the holy rite,  
And raise great trophies to my ancient might.”

‘Then saith another, “We are kindly things,  
And like her offspring nestle with the dove,—  
Witness these hearts embroider’d on our wings,  
To show our constant patronage of love:—  
We sit at even, in sweet bow’rs above  
Lovers, and shake rich odours on the air,  
To mingle with their sighs; and still remove  
The startling owl, and bid the bats forbear  
Their privacy, and haunt some other where.

“And we are near the mother when she sits  
Beside her infant in its wicker bed;  
And we are in the fairy scene that flits  
Across its tender brain: sweet dreams we shed,  
And whilst the tender little soul is fled  
Away, to sport with our young elves, the while  
We touch the dimpled cheek with roses red,  
And tickle the soft lips until they smile,  
So that their careful parents they beguile.

“O then, if ever thou hast breathed a vow  
At Love’s dear portal, or at pale moon-rise  
Crush’d the dear curl on a regardful brow  
That did not frown thee from thy honey price—



If ever thy sweet son sat on thy thighs,  
And wooed thee from thy careful thoughts  
within

To watch the harmless beauty of his eyes,  
Or glad thy fingers on his smooth soft skin,  
For love's dear sake, let us thy pity win!"

The second poem is *Hero and Leander*, a subject which any poet ought to have approached with caution,—we prefer the poetical dedication to Mr. Coleridge to any part of that which follows, and therefore extract it:

'It is not with a hope my feeble praise  
Can add one moment's honour to thy own,  
That with thy mighty name I grace these lays;  
I seek to glorify myself alone:

For that some precious favour thou hast shown  
To my endeavour in a by-gone time,  
And by this token, I would have it known  
Thou art my friend, and friendly to my rhyme!  
It is my dear ambition now to climb  
Still higher in thy thought,—if my bold pen  
May thrust on contemplations more sublime.—  
But I am thirsty for thy praise, for when  
We gain applauses from the great in name,  
We seem to be partakers of their fame.'

This is really beautiful. *Lycus the Centaur* has many very striking and spirited pages; but as a whole, we certainly consider it an unfavourable specimen of Mr. Hood's attempt at the sublime. *Lycus*, detained by *Circe* in her magical dominion, is beloved by a water nymph, who desiring to render him immortal, has recourse to the sorceress. *Circe* gives her an incantation to pronounce, which should turn *Lycus* into a horse; but the horrible effect of the charm causing her to break off in the midst, he becomes a centaur. Such is the ground-work of Mr. Hood's poem—a disagreeable subject, and certainly very disagreeably treated. The following are the reflections of *Lycus*, in the isle of enchantment:—

'There I stood without stir, yet how willing to flee,

As if rooted and horror-turn'd into a tree,—  
Oh! for innocent death,—and to suddenly win it,

I drank of the stream, but no poison was in it;  
I plung'd in its waters, but ere I could sink,  
Some invisible fate pull'd me back to the brink;  
I sprang from the rock, from its pinnacle height,  
But fell on the grass with a grasshopper's flight;  
I ran at my fears—they were fears and no more,  
For the bear would not mangle my limbs, nor the boar,

But moan'd,—all their brutaliz'd flesh could not smother

The horrible truth,—we were kin to each other!

'They were mournfully gentle, and group'd for relief,

All foes in their skin, but all friends in their grief:

The leopard was there—baby-mild in its feature;

And the tiger, black barr'd, with the gaze of a creature

That knew gentle pity; the bristle-back'd boar,  
His innocent tusks stain'd with mulberry gore;

And the laughing hyena—but laughing no more;

And the snake, not with magical orbs to devise  
Strange death, but with woman's attraction of eyes;

The tall ugly ape, that still bore a dim shine  
Through his hairy eclipse of a manhood divine;

And the elephant stately, with more than its reason,

How thoughtful in sadness! but this is no season

To reckon them up from the lag-bellied toad  
To the mammoth, whose sobs shook his ponderous load.

There were woes of all shapes, wretched forms,  
when I came,

That hung down their heads with a human-like shame;

The elephant hid in the boughs, and the bear  
Shed over his eyes the dark veil of his hair;

And the womanly soul turning sick with disgust,

Tried to vomit herself from her serpentine crust;  
While all groan'd their groans into one at their lot,

As I brought them the image of what they were not.

From those *greater*, we turn to those which the author denominates *minor* poems, but which, in our opinion, form by far the most valuable and interesting portion of the volume. The first of the series, a *Retrospective Review*, was published in the *Literary Souvenir* of the past year, and was then appreciated by us as the brightest gem of that publication, in which the peculiar excellence of Mr. Hood's style is happily blended with much feeling and sentiment. The following poem, entitled *Fair Ines*, is also a very exquisite composition:—

'O saw ye not fair Ines?

She's gone into the west,

To dazzle when the sun is down,

And rob the world of rest;

She took our daylight with her,

The smiles that we love best,

With morning blushes on her cheek,

And pearls upon her breast.

'O turn again, fair Ines,

Before the fall of night,

For fear the moon should shine alone,

And stars unrivall'd bright;

And blessed will the lover be

That walks beneath their light,

And breathes the love against thy cheek

I dare not even write!

'Would I had been, fair Ines,

That gallant cavalier,

Who rode so gaily by thy side,

And whisper'd thee so near!—

Were there no bonny dames at home,

Or no true lovers here,

That he should cross the seas to win

The dearest of the dear?

'I saw thee, lovely Ines,

Descend along the shore,

With bands of noble gentlemen,

And banners wav'd before;

And gentle youth and maidens gay,

And snowy plumes they wore;—

It would have been a beauteous dream,

—If it had been no more!

'Alas, alas, fair Ines,

She went away with song,

With music waiting on her steps,

And shoutings of the throng;

But some were sad, and felt no mirth,

But only music's wrong,

In sounds that sang farewell, farewell,

To her you've lov'd so long.

'Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,

That vessel never bore

So fair a lady on its deck,

Nor danc'd so light before,—

Alas for pleasure on the sea,

And sorrow on the shore!

The smile that blest one lover's heart

Has broken many more!

Among those minor poems, there are a few which do little honour to the collection; from one of them we extract the following verse, which is of itself sufficient to injure the character of any volume, professing to be a volume of poetry:—

'Love will not clip him,

Maids will not lip him,

Maud and Marian pass him by;

Youth it is sunny,

Age has no honey—

What can an old man do but die.'

The other verses of this 'ballad' are equally poor, but surely its poverty is atoned for by the richness of the following simple and beautiful lines:—

'She's up and gone, the graceless girl!

And robb'd my failing years;

My blood before was thin and cold,

But now 'tis turn'd to tears;—

My shadow falls upon my grave,

So near the brink I stand,

She might have staid a little yet,

And led me by the hand!

'Aye, call her on the barren moor,

And call her on the hill,

'Tis nothing but the heron's cry,

And plovers answer shrill;

My child is flown on wilder wings,

Than they have ever spread,

And I may even walk a waste

That widen'd when she fled.

'Full many a thankless child has been,

But never one like mine;

Her meat was served on plates of gold,

Her drink was rosy wine;

But now she'll share the robin's food,

And sup the common rill,

Before her feet will turn again

To meet her father's will!

In concluding our notice of this volume of Mr. Hood's, we must again express our regret that he has departed from a course in which he was so well fitted to shine, and enter upon one in which he is never likely to rise above mediocrity. We earnestly hope that he will again enliven the dreary hours of our winter by some such production as his admirable *Whims and Oddities*.

*Mems, Maxims, and Memoirs.* By WILLIAM WADD, Esq., F.L.S. 8vo. pp. 308. London, 1827. Callow and Wilson.

THE author of *Nugæ Chirurgicæ* and other works has here presented before us a fund of amusement and information, and in a style simple and unpretending. The work seems chiefly to concern the medical profession; accordingly its motto is, *quidquid agunt medici, nostri est farrago libelli*, and as there is no want of material, Mr. Wadd leaves every one to fill up his outline 'as varied fancy or taste may direct.' It is divided into *Memoranda*, *Memorabilia*, and *Memoirs*; from each of these we shall quote a few passages, that our readers may conceive the pleasure which a perusal of the whole would afford.

*Memoranda.*—1163.—By a decree of the Council of Tours, all deacons and priests prohibited from exercising any part of chirurgery, in which cauteries and incisions were required.



'1240.—Richardus Anglicus, the first English medical writer.

'1298.—Wine sold by apothecaries as a cordial.

'1365.—This year all corporations in London began, Adam Berry being major.

'1437.—John de Lastie defines the exact duty of physicians and surgeons to an establishment belonging to the order of Templars. This is the earliest notice of physicians and surgeons, as officers of an establishment for sick persons.

'1474.—Lithotomy first attempted in Paris.

'1518.—College of Physicians founded.

'1531.—Thomas Viccary, master of the Barber-Surgeons' Company. John Ayliffe, warden. They are both represented in Holbein's celebrated picture. Viccary is the first in the list of barber-surgeons, with the denomination of surgeon, and was surgeon to the king.

'1533.—Parish registers first proposed.

'1583.—Tobacco first brought to England.

'1588.—Strange sickness at Exeter assizes, of which the judge, and some of the jury, and others, died.

'1600.—Botany formed into a regular science by Prosper Alpinus.

'1604.—The bills of mortality in London commenced.

'1618.—Empiricks and quacks taken up in the city of London.

'1628.—Harvey publishes his discovery of the circulation, dedicated to Charles I.

'1655.—Dr. Winston died, who, with Dr. Simeon Fox and Dr. Argent, were the last physicians who visited patients on horseback.

'1674.—The Botanic Garden at Chelsea,

'1674.—King Charles II. writes to the college, desiring them to admit no person as a fellow, who had not graduated at one of the universities.

'1675.—Medela Medicina, published by Dr. Needham, the author of the first newspaper.

'1682.—The king touched 8577 persons.

'1684.—Thomas Rosewell tried for high treason, for speaking contemptuously of the royal touch.

'1698.—Dr. Francis Bernard's library sold by auction for £16,000!

'1707.—Sir John Floyer first recommends counting the pulsations.

'1718.—Mahogany wood first introduced by Dr. Gibbons.

'1722.—Sir Hans Sloane gave the Botanic Garden at Chelsea to the apothecaries, in perpetuity.

'1727.—Inoculation first tried on criminals.

'1728.—Dame Mary Page died, having been tapped sixty-six times in sixty-seven months, and two hundred and forty gallons of water taken away. Mead proposed pressure on the abdomen, and bandage to prevent fainting.

'1729.—Cheselden gives sight to a boy born blind.

'1736.—Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter, came to the Grecian Coffee House once a week in her coach and four, from Epsom.

'1739.—Mrs. Stephens receives £5000. from Parliament, for communicating the secret of her solvent.

'1740.—King George II. used to make a great number of doctors of physic when he went to Newmarket; these, by way of joke, were called "Jockey Doctors." Qu? can any medical man be quoted, who styled himself M.D. created in this manner.

'1745.—Separation of the surgeons and barbers.

'1749.—Radcliffe Library, Oxford, opened

with great solemnity Degree of M.D. conferred on Wm. Pitcairn.

'1767.—Sept 30 At the anniversary of the College of Physicians, the licentiates demanded admittance, which was not complied with. A smith was offered ten guineas, and an indemnification of £300. to force the gates, which he refused.

'1779.—A proposal for establishing a medical society as a joint-stock company, for the benefit of subscribers. A sort of wholesale warehouse, where health was to be had a penny-worth.

'1798.—Jenner first promulgates vaccination.

*Memorabilia.*—*Institutions for the Indigent and Sick.*—The most extensive institution of this kind in Europe, is said to be the public hospital at Milan. It is endowed with land, which produces a yearly revenue of £70,000 sterling, and there are continually additional benefactions, to promote which one incentive is held out, which has been found to have the most beneficial influence; he who bequeaths a hundred thousand francs, has his whole-length portrait painted at the expense of the charity, and those who bequeath half that sum, have their portraits painted in half-length, which are exhibited to the public on certain grand festivals. Thus the trustees have well calculated upon those passions which so often set reason at defiance; and have found that men, unjust to themselves, are often generous to posterity; and vain to be well thought of for those qualities for which, when alive, they would not pay the fraction of a farthing.

*Fees.*—In a book, called *Levamen Infirmi*, the usual fees to physicians and surgeons at that time, (1700) are thus stated:—"To a graduate in physic, his due is about ten shillings, though he commonly expects or demands twenty. Those that are only licensed physicians, their due is no more than six shillings and eightpence, though they commonly demand ten shillings. A surgeon's fee is twelvepence a mile, be his journey far or near; ten groats to set a bone broke, or out of joint; and for letting blood one shilling; the cutting off, or amputation, of any limb, is five pounds; but there is no settled price for the cure."

*Apothecary*, in its derivative sense, does not seem to allude particularly to the sellers of medicine. *Αποθηκη* is of very indefinite signification, (*Horreum*) a market, shop, or repository, which may be used or applied to any other business. Chaucer and Pegge make it poticary, while some have derived it from apothecary, intimating, that they used to carry the medicines themselves, as well as see them administered. "Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary," says Shakspeare.

The office of apothecary is of very ancient date. The Greek and Roman physicians were their own apothecaries, and when they ceased to act in that character is not exactly known. Conring asserts, (*de antiquitatibus academicis*) that the physicians in Africa first began to give up the preparation of medicines, so early as the time of Avenzoar, in the eleventh century. This accounts for many Arabic terms of art being introduced into pharmacy and chemistry, and explains why the first known apothecaries were in the lower part of Italy, and their first legal establishment in the kingdom of Naples.

In many places, particularly in opulent cities, the first apothecaries' shops were established at the public expense, and belonged to the magistrates. A particular garden was also appropriated to the apothecary, that he might

rear the necessary plants, which was called the apothecary's garden; and in many places, though the purposes of it are changed, it is called by the common people after its original designation, the apothecary's garden. In the free Hanse City of Bremen, the largest apothecaries' shop, (named Staat's Apotheke) is the property of the republic.

In most places, the apothecary's shop seems to have been a monopoly; and in Halle, till the year 1535, there was only one, when the archbishop gave his physician, J. N. von Wyke, liberty to establish another, but with an assurance that, to eternity, no more should be permitted in Halle; and this declaration was afterwards confirmed by the chapter.

Apothecaries' shops for the use of courts were frequently directed by princesses, and it was formerly the fashion, when the fair sex lost the power of wounding, to apply themselves to the art of healing, and particularly in Italy, where the dealers in herbs and drugs, were also dealers in sweetmeats and confectionary.

*Chocolate.*—An advertisement in The Public Adviser, from Tuesday, June 16th, to June 23rd, 1657, informs, that "in Bishopsgate Street, in Queen's Head Alley, at a Frenchman's house, is an excellent West India drink, called chocolate, to be sold, where you may have it ready at any time, and also unmade, at reasonable rates."

*Coffee.*—In a previous number of the paper just mentioned, from May 19, to May 26, 1657, "in Bartholomew Lane, on the back side of the Old Exchange, the drink called coffee is advertised as to be sold in the morning, and at three of the clock in the afternoon."

*Amateur Practitioners.*—Among the earliest amateur writers, was the celebrated Needham, the author of the first newspaper. He wrote, among other things, *Medela Medicinæ*, a Plea for the free Profession and Renovation of the Art of Physic, Lond. 1665; and Preface to the work of Francis de la Boe, Sylvius, Lond. 1675, in which he hints an intention of writing some essays to discover the power of plants, by examining their natures upon the principles and operations of the chemists. As might be supposed, he holds the university and its degrees very cheap—he calls it the scholastic family of a fine breed—the doctoral confederates, who come to town with the learned cushion, cap, and scarlet. "The apothecaries' boys," says he, "are able to tutor them in their town practice—they vaunt and make a noise with their anatomical rattle—spend much time in anatomy—neglect the chemical way."

Wm. Vicars, an amateur master of arts, has An Easie and Safe Method for Curing the King's Evil; and a country squire, John Morly, of Halsted, in Essex, (1788) cures the same complaint by a portion of the Vervain, hung round the neck with a yard of white satin ribbon, with "I pray God give his blessing to these my endeavours."

An amateur practitioner wishing, upon one occasion, in the Court of King's Bench, to convince Lord Ellenborough of his importance, said, "My lord, I sometimes employ myself as a doctor;" "Very likely, sir," said his lordship drily, "but is any body else fool enough to employ you in that capacity?"

*Whimsical Works.*—In 1608, a calculating doctor, published *Lawrea Apollinares*, a quarto volume, in which the following question is discussed:—

"Whether animals and fools can be cured by the same remedies?"

'Agreed in the affirmative!'



*Specifics.*—In this country, in the reign of Charles II., Dr. Jonathan Goddard obtained £5000. for disclosing his secret for making a medicine, called *Guttæ Anglicanæ*. And in 1739, the Parliament of England voted £5000 to Mrs. Stevens for a solvent for stone; notwithstanding which, there have been as many human calculi, since formed by his majesty's liege lithotomical subjects, as would Macadamize one side of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"In the German Ephemerides, the case of a person is described, who had taken so much elixir of vitriol, that his keys were rusted in his pocket, by the transudation of the acid through his skin, and another patient is said to have taken *argentum nitratum*, in solution, till he became blue. But all these philosophers, doctors, and divines, sink into insignificance, before Samuel Jessop, who died at the age of 65, in 1817, whose inordinate craving for physic, led him to take, in twenty-one years, no less than 226,934 pills, besides 40,000 bottles of mixture; and in the year 1814, when his appetite increased, his consumption of pills was 51,590!!! Truly he must have thought with the prophet, "The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them."

*Radcliffe Library.*—This splendid monument of Radcliffe's liberality, was opened with great ceremony, April 13, 1749. For a considerable length of time, after the opening of this literary depôt, as if to verify the joke of Radcliffe's private library being in his window-seat, it was literally without books, and was known by the title of Medical Library, and many collections of books were given to it under that denomination.

Dr. Frewin, long a celebrated physician at Oxford, gave his medical library of above three thousand volumes. Gibbs, the architect who built it, gave a valuable collection; and Dr. Kennicot, the Hebrew professor, also gave his collection, connected with the publication of his Bible. It was only after these liberal donations, that it assumed the appearance and took its proper title of Radcliffe Library.

*Anatomical Lectures.*—When Dr. Hunter, who, our author says, "may be considered as the father of the anatomical schools of London," began his anatomical lectures, they were given in the evening—but as he lived at the period when Garrick was in his zenith, he soon discovered that he stood no chance with the actor, for whenever Garrick lectured, the anatomical lectures were neglected. In vain did the doctor preach to the pupils on the immorality of attending theatres, and the impropriety of neglecting him, it was of no avail; Romeo's apothecary, and Dr. Last, were the only medical characters to spend the evening with, and for the rest, they thought Macbeth sufficient authority, to "throw physic to the dogs."

*Memoirs.*—*Sydenham.*—"To the simplicity of Sydenham's practice, the *Materia Medica* owes its riddance of many useless and nauseous specifics. He considered it "like an assemblage of trees bearing many leaves but little fruit;" and it may be questioned, whether the fruit and the foliage do not bear in the same proportion, even in this day. All his maxims and rules were founded upon repeated observations on the nature and properties of diseases, and the power of remedies; he studied more at the bed-side than any of his predecessors. He it was who first threw out a hint, that diseases might be classed from their external character, a hint carried into effect by Sauvages and Cullen. The leading feature of his character was

candour; he lays open his doubts and his ignorance with a noble sincerity, and confesses, that when he thought he had by study and observation obtained a sure method of treating fevers, he found he had only opened his eyes, to fill them with dust."

*Anecdote of Radcliffe.*—"A lady of high rank and fortune, too anxiously careful of the health of an only son, as well as too partial to his merits, sent for Dr. Radcliffe relative to his health. On a previous consultation with the lady about the malady of his patient, she very gravely told him, that, "although she could not say her son was immediately affected with any disorder, yet she was afraid, from the excess of his spirits, and the very great prematurity of his understanding, he might, without the doctor's medical interference, verify the old proverb—soon ripe, soon rotten. The doctor, by this time, having pretty well taken the measure of the lady's understanding, as well as of the wants of her son, desired to see the patient—when, presently, a servant introduced a strong chubby boy, between nine and ten years of age, eating a large piece of bread and butter. "Well sir," says the doctor, "what's your name?" "Daniel, sir," says the boy. "And pray, Master Daniel, who gave you that fine piece of bread and butter?" "My godfathers and godmothers, who did promise and vow three things, &c. &c." and so was going on with the answer in the catechism. "Very well, indeed," continued the doctor, very gravely—"Now, Master Daniel, let me feel your pulse."—"Quite well there too—"so that, my dear madam, (turning round to the mother) you may make yourself perfectly easy about your son, as he is not only in good health at present, but in no danger of losing that health by too much premature knowledge."

*Cadogan.*—Universal temperance in eating and drinking has been considered as particularly incumbent on a physician, in every period of his practice. It is a virtue he is frequently obliged to inculcate on his patients; and his doctrines will have little effect if they be not regularly exemplified in his own conduct. Dr. Cadogan, however, thought it right to try all things, and considered it his duty to speak experimentally on both sides of the question, to qualify himself to say in the language of Dido:—

"Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco."

Thus, dining one day at a college dinner, after discoursing most elegantly and forcibly, on abstinence, temperance, and particularly against pie-crust and pastry,—he is reported to have addressed a brother M.D. in the following terms:—"Pray, doctor, is that a pigeon-pie near you?" "Yes, sir."—"Then I will thank you to send me the hind-quarters of two pigeons—some fat of the beef-steak, a good portion of the pudding crust, and as much gravy as you can spare!"

*J. Hunter.*—"One of the most singular circumstances in Hunter's life was his evidence on the trial of Captain Donellan, which the learned Judge Buller was pleased to say he could not comprehend. This arose from Hunter's caution in not saying more than he could maintain, and because he saw a number of difficulties which never occurred to others, and which proves that medical evidence is different from other evidence, and that what would satisfy a court of law, would not satisfy a court of medical inquiry. A conscientious and honest man asserts that he has been cured of a particular disease, by a particular medicine, and satisfies himself he is asserting a simple

fact; but it is not so; it involves two questions:—first, as to whether he had the specified disease;—and secondly, supposing he had—did the medicine cure it? Here what ought to be stated as an opinion, is stated as a fact, and sworn to if necessary, as is often seen in many worthy patronizers of quackery. Hunter's evidence is a perfect specimen of what medical evidence ought to be. Yet the learned judge said he could not tell, what his opinion was, "For he did not seem to have formed any opinion at all of the matter." The truth was, he would give no opinion that his knowledge of facts did not warrant—Of the mode of dying, and the appearances after death, he spoke decidedly enough; he stuck to the point, and nothing could shake him. So, in another similar case, when a counsellor asked "If he did not at first sight consider the wound as mortal?" his answer was, "No, there was nothing necessarily mortal in the wound, but the general effects upon the whole system, were sufficient to show that the patient could not live."

*Monsey.*—This eccentric person was for half a century, physician to Chelsea Hospital.

In consequence of his great age, numerous candidates repaired to Chelsea, to contemplate the various agreements of the situation. Monsey, who was a humourist, and moreover had a quick eye for a visitant of this class, one day, spied a reconnoitering doctor in the college walks, whom he accosted as follows:—

"So, sir, I find you are one of the candidates to succeed me."

The physician bowed, and he proceeded:—

"But you will be confoundedly disappointed."

"Disappointed!" said the physician, with quivering lips.

"Yes," returned Monsey, "you expect to outlive me; but I can discern from your countenance, and other concomitant circumstances, that you are deceiving yourself—you will certainly die first; though, as I have nothing to expect from that event, I shall not rejoice at your death, as I am persuaded you would at mine."

Several good etchings, as of an ancient master of surgery, 1563, Dr. Bulleyn, 1570, &c. will be found scattered through the volume.

*Immortality; or, Annihilation? The Question of a Future State, Discussed and Decided by the Arguments of Reason.* Post 8vo. pp. 270. London, 1827. Treuttel and Würtz.

A SPIRIT of free and unrestrained inquiry on all the important subjects to which the faculties of the human mind can be directed, has doubtless been gradually advancing among all classes of society for many years past; and very great, and in several respects valuable, has been the result. Nor do we think the subjects of natural and revealed religion, improper materials for the rational investigation of the generality of mankind, provided they are carried on with a due regard to the limited nature and manifest infirmity of the human intellect, as applied to things connected with the spiritual and eternal world, and a just sense of our dependence on the aid which it is surely reasonable we should look for, from an omnipotent superintending Deity on subjects so much above our natural apprehension. Many not thus directing and restricting the thirst of free inquiry in religious subjects,



have been led by it into the vortex of scepticism and unbelief: this was, it appears, the case, with the writer of the volume now under review. Educated in the principles of revealed religion from his earliest years, an unguarded and venturesome attempt to philosophize on points of faith, brought him to doubt the first and most important truths of Christianity. From this period he was agitated with continual conflict and distress of mind, and in vain sought to regain, from the writings of philosophers, that peace which the perusal of their works had deprived him of. The point on which he was particularly agitated was the validity of a future state after death. But, at length, shutting up the books, which he had consulted on this point without success, and resuming his own inquiries in a more solemn and proper spirit, and with a determined perseverance, he arrived at a satisfactory conclusion. We cannot follow the author into the many deep arguments contained in his interesting work, which was found amongst his manuscripts after his decease, and is published, as the editor declares, under a persuasion 'that the meditations which carried conviction' to the mind of the author 'cannot fail to produce equally happy results' in other cases, and particularly in young persons.

One argument in favour of a future state, is derived from the desires, the longings after it, which are observed in men. A being cannot be at variance with its actual instincts. It would then be destined not to be the being that it is destined to be.

'The question here is not of a contradiction of an instinct with itself, but of the contradiction of a being with its instinct; and thus there certainly would here be contradiction. Now nothing of the kind is to be found again throughout all nature. All the other beings with which we are acquainted are in perfect harmony with their instincts; that is to say, it is possible for them to gratify their instincts, and they actually do gratify them. It cannot be otherwise. An actual instinct which a being possesses must be considered as a promise that is given to it. The promise must be fulfilled, and the fulfilment of such promise is the gratification of the instinct. How could we so much as dream, that precisely the most perfect of terrestrial beings should be the only one in contradiction with his instinct; in this case, the most perfect of beings would be destined to be the most imperfect. In reality, however, man is not at variance with his other instincts, so long as they keep within the limits of instincts; in regard to his desire of an existence after death, this would be the only instance. Go through all his sensual and higher instincts; for every one of them he finds gratification upon earth. Does he long for drink?—springs gush forth for him in every part of its surface. Does he long for rest?—he can set up his couch upon it wherever he pleases. Does he long for gratification for the eye and ear?—pleasures for both these senses pour upon him from all quarters. Does he long for a wife?—the earth offers him his choice among her daughters.

'In like manner, man aspires to knowledge, and the earth furnishes him with inexhaustible sources of knowledge. He aspires to honour, and finds a thousand situations on earth where he may acquire it by merit. He aspires to the relish of the sublime and beautiful, and the

earth presents to him one scene of the sublime and beautiful after another. He longs for the society of congenial souls, and these, too, he meets with upon earth. How is it possible to believe that man, who is in perfect harmony with all his other instincts, should be at variance solely and alone with the first and most sacred of his instincts? For, is not his longing after a future state such? No: as there is a gratification for all his other instincts, so this, this *above all*, must be gratified. His longing after a future state is the promise given to him; that future state itself is the fulfilment of the promise given; there must therefore be for him a life after death.

The arguments of reason for a future existence for man, are thus condensed:—

'If there is no future state for man, death is annihilation for him; and he who has consolation for every thing else, has not then the slightest comfort for the severest of all his afflictions—his natural longing after immortality is then a cruel mockery practised upon him by his nature—his reason, which teaches him the foreknowledge of death, is then the most grievous of punishments—his stupendous faculties and powers are then the most senseless waste—he is then a fool to cultivate and apply them to any other purpose than sensual gratifications—every incitement to the noblest actions is then done away with—there is then no perfect administration of justice in the moral world—and the earth and every thing in it then exist for no ultimate end or purpose whatever.

'But if death is not annihilation for man, if man continues to live after death, he has then for his greatest affliction the greatest consolation—his noblest instinct, like all his other instincts, is then gratified—reason is then the best gift that could be conferred on him—all his faculties and powers are then a masterpiece of harmony—he is then wise if he diligently cultivates and applies them—he has then the strongest inducement to remain virtuous under all the circumstances of life—the most perfect administration of justice in the moral world is then to be hoped for—the constitution of the earth is then the most sublime that can be imagined—in short, there is then every where consistency, whereas otherwise there would be every where contradiction; consistency between the faculties and instincts of man; consistency in all the arrangements made around him for his benefit; consistency in the whole terrestrial world itself; every where the most complete and the most admirable consistency.'

*Early Prose Romances.* Edited by WILLIAM J. THOMS. Part IV. *Robin Hood.* Part V. *George A Green.* Crown 8vo. pp. 74 and 70. London. W. Pickering.

WE have already noticed with approbation several numbers of this collection of old English fictions, and have now the pleasing duty of introducing to our readers two more parts, both of them remarkably interesting, to all whose delight it is to peruse the tales of olden time, or who would encourage the republication of works which have exercised a sensible influence in the formation of the character of our national literature. Of *Robin Hood*, we are told, 'his birth is supposed to have taken place about 1160, in the reign of Henry VI., and the Sloane MS. says, he 'lived tyll the latter end of Richard the fyrst.' It would appear he was of noble extraction, and at the latter part of his life bore the title of Earl of

Huntingdon. How his name was exchanged from Robert Fitzooth to Robin Hood it is impossible to say; it has been pretended that Hood is a corruption of 'o'th'wood,' q. d. of Sherwood; or that he acquired his bye name from his resemblance to the unquiet wandering spirit.

'His wild and extravagant disposition, which consumed his inheritance and caused him to be outlawed for debt, is alleged as the reason which induced him to betake himself to the woods, and the life which he there led. Barnsdale in Yorkshire, Sherwood in Nottinghamshire, and Plompton Park in Cumberland; were the haunts which he mostly frequented, and where he was speedily joined by a number of persons, who it is to be supposed were induced so to do, more from the similarity of their conditions, than from friendship towards our hero. Of these his especial favourite was Little John, whose surname is said to have been Naylor.'

As an example of the account of the gallant achievements of this renowned outlaw, take the

'Combate fought between Robin Hood, Little John, and William Scarlock, and three of the keepers of the king's deer in the forrest of Sherwood in Nottinghamshire. On a midsummers day, in the morning, Robin Hood, being accompanied with Little John and Will Scarlock, did walk forth betimes, and wished that, in the way, they might meet with some adventure that might be worthy of their valour: they had not walked long by the forrest side, but behold three of the keepers of the kings game appeared, with their forrest-bills in their hands, and well appointed with fauchcons and bucklers to defend themselves. Loe here (saith Robin Hood) according to our wish, we have met with our mates, and before we part from them we will try what mettle they are made of. What Robin Hood, said one of the keepers: I the same, reply'd Robin. Then have at you, said the keepers, here are three of us, and three of you, we will single out ourselves one to one; and bold Robin, I, for my part, am resolved to have a bout with thee. Content, with all my heart, said Robin Hood, and fortune shall determine who shall have the best, the outlaws or the keepers: with that they did lay down their coats, which were all of Lincoln green, and fell to it for the space of two hours with their brown bills, in which hot exercise Robin Hood, Little John, and Scarlock had the better, and giving the rangers leave to breath, demanded of them, how they liked them; why! good stout blades i'faith, saith the keeper that fought with Robin, we commend you, but let us make tryal whether you are as good at your sword and bucklers as you have been at your quarter-staff. Why, do you doubt of it, said Robin Hood? we shall satisfie you in that immediately. With that having laid down their staves and thrown off their doublets, they fell to it pell mell; and dealt their blows unmercifully sore, which were carefully always defended with their bucklers. At the last, Robin Hood observing little John and Will Scarlock begin to give ground, which they never did in all their lives before, he dissembled the danger, and calling out for a little respite to breath, he said unto the keepers, Good boys, i'faith, and the best that ever I dealt withal; let me know your names, and for the time to come, I shall give that respect unto you that belongs unto your valour. Tush, said one of the keepers, we lose time in asking after our names, if thou wilt have any more to do with our hands, or with our swords, we



are for thee? I see that you are stout men, said Robin Hood, we will fight no more in this place, but come and go with me to Nottingham (I have silver and gold enough about me) and there we will fight it out at the King's Head tavern with good sack and claret; and after we are weary, we will lay down our arms, and become sworn brothers to one another, for I love those men that will stand to it, and scorn to turn their backs for the proudest Tarmagant of them all. With all our hearts, jolly Robin, said the keepers to him; so putting up their swords, and on their doublets, they went to Nottingham, where for three days space they followed the pipes of sack, and butts of claret without intermission, and drank themselves good friends.'

The fame of George A Green, the Pindar of Wakefield, is not equal to that of Robin Hood, perhaps for the reason assigned by the editor of these romances, that the simple valour and readiness of invention of the former is not so attractive as the imaginative and poetical character with which the life of England's merry outlaw, passed in the greenwood, has been clothed.

'Pindar is a peculiar word and office in the north of England, that implies, one that looks after strays, and the like, being much the same as poundkeeper in the southern parts of the kingdom.'

That there was such a person as George A Green is not, the author of his history says, to be doubted; to say nothing of the many signs we have of him in London and the country, the constant and uninterrupted tradition from father to son, retained to this day in the north, is no small proof of it. He was a cotemporary of Robin Hood and little John. From the second chapter of his history we are informed how he

'Was perswaded by a friend of his to go to an astronomer, or fortune-teller, to cast his nativity. George now growing twenty years of age, and in regard both of his strength and stature, perswading himself he might write full man, began to consider what course of life he had best to take; and in this meditation meeting with a friend of his, and of his long acquaintance much familiar discourse was interchanged betwixt them: at length they fell upon the former argument. To the profession of a soldier he had a very great inclination, but he was frustrated in that; for there was no employment for such persons, because there was a general peace and a cessation of civil arms throughout the kingdom. A serving man he did not much affect, because he held it too servile a life; and besides, he remembered himself of the two English proverbs, "That service was no hermitage;" and again, "That an old serving-man made a young beggar." He was in no hopes to prove a scholar, because (as you have heard before) he had formerly too early broke up school. A trade he did not affect, because he could not endure to be imprison'd seven years in a shop to cry, What do you lack? Much conference to the former purpose past betwixt them; at length his friend told him, that some twelve miles distant from thence, at Hallifax, lived a south-sayer or fortune-teller, one that cast figures, and could predict from mens nativities what should happen to them; and so he wished him to be advised by him, and accordingly as he should calculate of his birth, so to frame the course of his life. His friend so far prevail'd with him, that they pur-

posed to undertake this journey; and the rather George was perswaded to the motion, because he had heard from the mouths of others, that this man was a great artist, and got much money by his practice. The time was appointed, and at that time they went; but coming somewhat late into the town, they thought it not best to trouble the artist that night, but rather to make proof of him early in the morning fresh and fasting. Merrily they sup'd together, with some good fellows of their acquaintance, to whom they conceal'd the principal cause of their coming to the town; but got up betimes, and understanding then, that ten groats was the ordinary price due to the cunning man, George had the fee in his hand ready for his counsel; and being directed to his house, it fortun'd thus; just at the same time he had almost open'd the door, he found that some slovenly fellow or other had laid a beastly and stinking load upon the threshold; at which sight the cunning man seem'd to be out of patience, and amongst other language utter'd in his great fury as followeth, and spoke to this effect; Well (quoth he) if I could but imagine, or find out by any enquiry what rascal hath put his nasty breech upon me, I would be so revenged on him to make him an example how to use any neighbour's door in that beastly manner hereafter. This was no sooner spoke, but he clapp'd too the door, and in he went; when, saith his friend, Come, George, let's follow in close, for 'tis ten to one but we shall find him private. But he having another apprehension newly come into his head, told his friend he should excuse him, for he was sorry he had taken so much pains to so little purpose; and though he had made him such a fool to lose so much labour, yet he had so much wit left him as to keep his money. His friend demanding of him the reason why he utter'd such speech; George reply'd, because I purpose to be as cunning as the cunning man, so as not to part with my money for nothing; for (saith he) shall I ever believe he can resolve me of things to come, that cannot inform himself of a thing lately past: or that he can satisfy me in the future course of my life and fortune, that cannot give himself satisfaction who hath this morning play'd the sloven upon his threshold? No, saith George, let him keep his art unto his own use, and I will reserve my money for my own spending; and so, without any further questions, he alter'd his course back to Wakefield, where he arriv'd something wiser than he went thither; but his friend, as arant a fool as he was, got first thither.'

*A Manual of the Practice of Parliament in passing Public and Private Bills.* 12mo. pp. 162. J. and W. T. Clarke. London, 1827.

IN the introduction to this useful little work we have a brief history of the course of a bill through parliament, in language so clear and pithy that we feel no hesitation in bringing it under the notice of our readers. The fees, which are occasionally referred to, are given at length, in the course of the work, with every other point essential to the consideration of the subject;—we shall content ourselves with observing, that the lord chancellor's fee is ten pounds on each private bill; that of the speaker of the lower house five; and the clerks and officers under them have no reason to complain of the table which regulates these matters. The introductory ob-

servations, we have no doubt, will prove acceptable.

'Parliament, in the language of Sir Edward Coke, is the place where that absolute despotic power, which must in all governments reside somewhere, is placed by the constitution of these kingdoms; it hath, therefore, a sovereign and uncontrollable authority in the making, confirming, enlarging, restraining, abrogating, repealing, reviving, and explaining the laws relating to every object, whether of public or private interest.

'In the present period of advancement, in political as well as social relations, the course of legislation becomes not merely an object of interest, but of study, to all who are concerned with its powers, or affected by its consequences.

'This course will therefore be considered with reference to the *subject*, the *parties*, and the *judicial* nature of the provisions of an act of parliament. Before passing and receiving the final sanction of the crown, it is called a bill only; but when every stage has been gone through, it becomes an act of parliament, *i. e.* an act of the legislature, duly recorded, and a part of the statute law of the realm.

'Bills are either public or private, but this is only a distinction arising out of the practice of the two houses imposing the payment of fees on parties for whose private or individual benefit an act is sought to be obtained, none being ever paid on the passing what are called public general acts.

'Private bills are of three descriptions:

'1st. Such as, though of a public nature, yet, having no clause declaring them to be such, no judge or jury is bound to take notice of, unless specially pleaded, and duly proved.

'2d. Such as contain that clause, but affect only one or more individuals; these are called *personal*.

'3d. Such as contain also that clause, but relate to certain parts or districts of the country, and are therefore called *local*.

'The subject of a bill often requires that it should originate in a particular house, according to what has, by ancient usage, been deemed the constitutional privileges, or an established distinct jurisdiction of either house of parliament, asserted by their own resolutions entered on the journals, and silently acquiesced in, or directly assented to, by the other branches of the legislature.

'Thus the bills which must originate in the house of peers, are:

'1. Such as affect the right of the peerage, restitution of honours, or blood, reversal of outlawries.

'2. Such as are of a judicial nature; reversal of judgments, not otherwise impeachable or reversible for error, as courts of request.

'Bills which must originate in the lower or House of Commons, are:

'All bills by which, either directly or indirectly, for any purpose, and in any shape whatever, money is authorized to be levied upon the subject, or which may, by construction, be considered as imposing a burden on them. Such are bills for the collecting tolls, rates, or duties: imposing penalties and fines; for enclosing or draining lands; making turnpike roads, navigation canals, paving and lighting streets, building bridges, poor houses, churches, gaols; uniting or separating parishes, &c.

'It being a principle always contended for, and maintained invariably by the Commons, whenever the point has occasioned a conference between the two houses, that all bills of aid and supply, or charge upon the people, should



begin with them; and that the Lords cannot commence any proceedings that impose burdens on the people.

'Bills of all other kind may originate in either house indifferently, although a consideration of the particular subject of the bill, and the character of the house, which may, upon legal or other grounds, eventually decide its fate, has established a practice of commencing certain bills in the upper house, such as what are called estate bills, to enable parties having only limited interests and powers, and not the fee-simple, to make leases, raise portions, and sell or exchange the whole or part of such estates, where it is for the benefit of all parties interested, and they are consenting to the measure. So, to obviate difficulties in the management of estates, arising from incapacity, by reason of infancy, coverture, or lunacy; or to enable bodies corporate or ecclesiastical to alien, settle, or exchange their land; such bills being always referred to two of the judges, without whose sanction the Lords will not pass the bill.

'Again, it is the custom and practice always to commence divorce bills, bills for dissolving marriages, and allowing separate maintenance, in that house; many of its members being more cognisant in such matters, and more competent to frame provisions the most likely to answer the purposes intended.

'But naturalization bills, name bills, and many others, have their commencement as often in the one house as in the other: and it is not unfrequent that the introducing a bill in the Lords is governed by the circumstance of the time, limited by the orders of the House of Commons for receiving private petitions, having elapsed; nor are instances wanting, where, in private bills sent down by the Lords, it is necessary to insert provisions that require they should commence in the Commons, they have been laid aside, and new bills ordered.

'A bill for "a general pardon" originates with the crown, which, being first signed by the crown, is transmitted to both houses of parliament, in each of which it is read only once, and afterwards receives the royal assent, like any other bill.

'Public bills are brought in, either upon motions, or in pursuance of resolutions of the house.

'Private bills must originate on petitions, setting forth the reasons, pursuant to the standing orders made upon the subject.'

*A Course of Elementary Reading in Science and Literature.* By J. M. McCulloch, A.M. 12mo. pp. 348. 1827. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Whitaker.

THE sections, into which this course of reading is divided, consist of natural science, natural history, geography, religious and moral pieces, miscellaneous pieces, and poetry, to which is added, a list of Latin and Greek primitives, which enter into the composition of the English language. The extracts are from our best and most popular authors, and while the greater part are models of good writing, there are none from which some useful knowledge may not be obtained. Truly 'nothing is more unreasonable than the prejudice which subjects children to an attempt to make them *fine* readers, before any effort has been made to exercise their mental powers.'

*Horæ Poeticæ, or a Series of Verses, Original and Translated.* By THOMAS SMITH. 12mo. pp. 108. London, 1827. Simpkin and Marshall.

OF this little volume we have little to say. It is unpretending, and by no means without merit, but we can give it no higher praise. We quote a passage in order to afford some idea of the style and versification which the author has adopted. It is from the leading poem in the work, entitled, *Reflections among the Tombs in the Church-yard of the Author's Native Village*:-

'Within this land of silence and of peace,  
All ranks are equal, all distinctions cease.  
Soon as the spirit leaves its earthly crust,  
Crowns, mitres, cowls, lie level'd in the dust.  
The rich, the poor, the proud, the grave, the gay,  
Lie in one common bed of cheerless clay.  
No more the oppress the oppressor's voice shall hear;  
No more the slave the tyrant's hand shall fear;  
Their equal ashes in one state repose,  
Accurs'd these, commiserated those.'

#### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

*Works of Pietro Giannone, Italian Historian and Publicist.* Milan. 14 vols. London, Rolandi.

*Hujus si virtuti par data esset fortuna, non ille quidem major fuisset, sed multo illustrior atque etiam honoratior.*—Corn. Nep. in Eumene.

THE annals of mankind are everywhere contaminated by the abuses which the unbridled ambition of princes, and the base avidity of their satellites have always introduced into the political and religious institutions of the people. But however great may be the abjection into which a society falls, by the intrigues and violence of those who arrogate to themselves the power of governing it, there arise from its bosom, from time to time, men both courageous and invincible, who, sacrificing their tranquillity to the sacred cause of their fellow beings, unmask the wicked usurpations of power, and overthrow such malignant enterprises upon the heads of their very authors. History then erects itself in defence of reason and of nature, and summoning before its inexorable tribunal the oppressed and the oppressors, exalts the rights and hopes of the former, and consigns the memory of the latter to ignominy and the execration of ages.

Pietro Giannone occupies in this class a high and brilliant station. Born of low condition in a village of Puglia, and sent to Naples to apply himself to the study of the laws, he had scarcely penetrated into the profound depths of jurisprudence, than, strongly impressed, not by the absurd institutions which the ignorance of the age had sanctioned, but by the abuses which blind ambition had elevated to the rank of privileges, he felt himself inflamed by the noble desire of exposing and of combating them. The extravagant pretensions of the court of Rome opposed to the legitimate authority of civil governments, appeared so entirely to concentrate his attention, that he regarded no other objects. His patriotic soul was

roused by the evils which had thus weighed upon the human species for an uninterrupted series of ages: and in the contest which spread over his life so many and so bitter afflictions, he gave proofs, not only of his generous sentiments, but of his sagacity and depth of judgment: for where there exists no independence of government, there can be no hope of liberty for the people; and where governments are prostrated beneath the iniquitous influence of a foreign power, there remains to the people but misery, chains, and interminable desolation.

The designs of Giannone were favoured by the circumstances of his country. In no part of modern Europe has the spirit of independence displayed itself with more energy, than in that angle of Italy of which the kingdom of Naples is composed. Hatred of foreign power is there both ancient and most ardent: and the people, though too weak to oppose the avidity of the potentates who contended for possession, with arms, and constrained by irresistible force to submit to the rule of foreign dominion, always showed themselves reluctant to yield to the pretensions of Rome, however violently menaced by the dreaded thunders of the vatican. The nefarious tribunal of the inquisition, which has nearly made the tour of Europe, and left its sanguinary traces in all parts, could never penetrate into those regions, even though they were so unfortunately situated at the very limits of the pontifical states. The influence which the holy see always endeavoured to exert over the temporal affairs of that kingdom, was there obstinately rejected with equal boldness and indignation. The body of civil magistrates, representing at least in this the general will, united in an opposition so just, and displayed so much intelligence in securing its success that the government of all the princes who filled the throne, was always compelled to follow in this the reigning opinion. A college of chosen juriconsults, headed by a supreme magistrate who took the title of delegate, was established to watch the ambitious attempts of the clergy. No ecclesiastic, no citizen, could address himself to the court of Rome for any object whatever, nor could any pontifical bull be enforced without the express permission of the civil government. And these principles were in such a manner commanded by the public voice, that when Charles the Third conquered the kingdom of Naples, he was obliged to submit to them, notwithstanding the blind weakness with which his dynasty in Spain upheld a conduct in every way opposite.

In the mean time the court of Rome endeavoured with intrigues and menaces to subdue so troublesome an opposition to its power. The kingdom was infested by its secret agents, amongst whom the jesuits occupied the first rank, who attempted to subvert the national opinion and render it submissive to their will. With the desire of confirming the government in its system of independence, and of striking a blow fatal to the ulterior views of the clergy, Giannone proposed writing a history of the laws and of the vicissitudes of the civil policy of the kingdom of Naples upon a plan yet more vast and



interesting than that written by the juriconsult Pomponius for the city and empire of ancient Rome. He studied long in the archives of Cava and Montacasino, which are the most illustrious of Italy, and the richest in precious memorials of the middle ages of Europe. The cares of the bar, where he exercised with honour the profession of an advocate, could not withdraw him from so noble an undertaking; and after twenty years of continued research he arrived at the termination of his labours.

'The history which I have undertaken to write,' he thus speaks in announcing it to the public, 'will not deafen my readers with the noise of battles, and the strife of arms, which for centuries rendered this kingdom the miserable theatre of war; and far less will it delight them with agreeable descriptions of its many pleasing and varied beauties of country, of the benignity of its climates, or the fertility of its fields. It will be entirely civil, and will relate the various states and changes of government under the many princes who ruled this kingdom during a course of little less than fifteen centuries; by what steps it reached at length that position in which we now see it; how it varied by the introduction of ecclesiastical policy; the use and authority of the Roman laws there; &c. &c.'

And he judged well in uniting ecclesiastical with civil history, since the ecclesiastical state, contending with the political and temporal state of princes, had established itself so firmly in the empire by means of its usurpations, and was so rooted and united with it, that changes of the one cannot be perfectly understood without a knowledge of the other.

Giannone divides his history into forty books. The first contains a rapid view of the diverse forms and constitution of the Roman empire before Constantine. He describes the various conditions of the cities of Italy and of the provinces of the empire; their situation in the time of Augustus and Adrian; the particular policy established in that which now forms the kingdom of Naples; the laws which governed it, the juriconsults who flourished there; the collection of the constitutions of princes in the Gregorian and Ermogenian codes; the academies erected in the east and in the west. He also speaks of the interior economy and of the exterior policy of the Christian religion during the course of the three first centuries; of ecclesiastical discipline and hierarchy; of the convocations of councils, and of the regulations and canons in them established. He examines the authority given by Christ to the church and the clergy, so entirely distinct and separate from the power and jurisdiction of princes, and discloses the iniquitous arts by which the ecclesiastics had begun to accumulate immense riches in the kingdom of Naples.

This first book is merely a simple introduction, slightly sketched, to enable the reader to view things from their origin. The history which Giannone proposed to write begins more properly in the second book, and at the period that the real or pretended conversion of the sanguinary Constantine had changed the face of the empire. In this latter he describes with care and much skill

the political vicissitudes to which the kingdom of Naples was subject, first as a province of the Roman empire, and afterwards under the successive dominion of the Goths, the Langobards, the Normans, the Swabians, the Angevians, the Aragonese, and the Austrians. He narrates the various establishment of the laws and of the civil orders; the origin of the fiefs, and the abuses which followed; the alterations effected in the administration of justice and in the authority of the tribunals; the creation of the principalities of Capua, Salerno, and Benevento, and the causes of their decline; the change of principles and manners under the ever varying influence of external governments; the prosperous or unhappy reaction of public spirit upon the conduct of the princes who reigned; the quarrels that arose out of the different prerogatives which ambition and avidity sought to arrogate to themselves.

But above all, his chief care was to unmask the interference of the court of Rome, with the temporal dominion of nations; hence, he indicates the state and vicissitudes of ecclesiastical policy in the different centuries: the changes it experienced in its interior and exterior economy; the decline of discipline occasioned by the corrupt habits and manners of the ecclesiastics; the causes, partly from concession, and partly from the weakness of princes, of the gradual increase of their power; the diligence and artifices employed by the clergy, to render themselves masters of all temporal affairs, thus neglecting the object of their sacred calling, and aiming at nothing but the gratification of their blind and base passions. He points out the disorders and popular tumults fomented by the holy see in the long and violent struggles against the *Iconoclasts*; states the rules by which the highest affairs of the church were then directed; the ruin of the ordinary power of all the bishops, and the absolute authority assumed by the pontiffs in the government of all the churches in the Christian world; the favourite maxims which began to prevail respecting the supreme jurisdiction of the popes, their infallibility, their absurd right of judging and condemning monarchs, of hurling them from their thrones, and of absolving their subjects from all oaths of fidelity to them; the causes by which the monks, who were rich and powerful, and consequently less mindful of spiritual affairs, than of temporal negotiations, became the chief supporters of the pretensions and arbitrary authority of the pontiffs; the nature of the celebrated donations of Pepin, Charlemagne, and Lewis the Pious, to the holy see, and all the controversies, abuses, disorders, and schisms which resulted from those gifts.

The appearance of this great and bold work forms a distinct epoch in the history of the progress and wanderings of the human mind. It was received with applause and enthusiasm by all the enlightened classes of society. Government perceived that it contained the most incontestable doctrines, founded upon historical facts and documents, for the guarantee of their authority against the attacks and menaces of the clergy. The juriconsults and magistrates found in it a precious deposit of new

and enlightened truths, for the regular exercise of their profession. Moralists delighted in the moderation with which the author, without searching into the depths of religion, had combated the usurpations of those who boasted themselves its ministers. Lastly, the philosophers and men of letters beheld and admired, through the subtilty and vastness of his research, the pomp of Livy, the force of Sallust, and the profundity of Tacitus. But every one feared that the author would find himself exposed to the fury and vengeance of the ecclesiastics. A learned public functionary penetrated by the idea of his danger, said one day to Giannone, after having read his work, *you have put a crown upon your head, but it is a crown of thorns.*

Never was prediction verified with more terrible consequences. The deepest rage agitated the Italian priests and monks of all ranks; an impetuous cry arose against the impious man who had dared to combat their temporal pretensions. Imprecations were thundered at him from the sacred pulpits: insinuations were employed in the confessionals to render him an object of public detestation; the seeds of a universal commotion were scattered in the crossways, in the squares, and in all the public assemblies. A jesuit preaching one day in a church near a market place, frequented by the very scum of the people, denounced him as a heretic and a blasphemer, and spoke so violently against him, that a revolution was on the point of breaking out to destroy him; the government foreseeing it, banished the friar, and by enforcing some rigorous measures, restored the public mind to tranquillity: but Giannone was obliged to refrain from showing himself in public, both to avoid insult, and escape the danger of being assassinated by the satellites of the clergy.

Thus far the machinations had been, if we may so speak of private authority. The Archbishop of Naples, at the imperious invitations of the court of Rome, next appeared upon the scene in a more solemn manner, and sent forth a sentence of excommunication against the printer of the work in question, under the pretext of his having published it without the previous permission of the ecclesiastical power. As this first blow produced but little effect, he determined to persecute the author upon the same pretext, and the better to execute his design, waited for the epoch, when the celebrated miracle of St. Januarius takes place at Naples. This miracle consists in the exposition upon the altars of the coagulated blood of that saint, preserved in a crystal phial, and which melts twice a year at the prayers of the priests; the archbishop thence intending to infuriate the people and lead them to the most horrible excesses, by preventing the accomplishment of the miracle, and ascribing its failure to the wrath of God, excited by the impiety of Pietro Giannone.

The magistrates all defended Giannone, representing to the government that this was a new usurpation of the priesthood, since the laws of the kingdom only required the permission of the civil authority for the printing of books, and that this had been asked and obtained according to the established rules.



But this was not able to procure the author any effectual support. The Cardinal d'Althan was then viceroy of the kingdom, a man—timid, ignorant, and wicked, who feared to expose himself either to the violence of the clergy, of whom he formed a part, or to the indignation of the elevated classes of society who protected the wrongfully persecuted man of genius. He, therefore, limited himself to advising Giannone to quit the kingdom secretly, and to go to Vienna, there to demand justice of the emperor Charles VI. Thence a secret passport was sent to him, but a day previous to his departure, the excommunication against him was affixed in all the parts of the capital.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### ORIGINAL.

#### SIR WALTER SCOTT'S SCHOOL IN POLAND.

THE Waverley novels have not only formed an epoch in our own country, and produced a marked change in fictitious composition, but have likewise influenced the literature of other countries. Numerous historical romances, affecting to be à la Scott, have appeared both in France and Germany, and he has lately found a disciple in Poland, in the celebrated poet Niemcewiz, who has recently published, at Warsaw, a romance, in three volumes, entitled Jan y Tenczyna, or John of Tenczyn. In one respect, the author was ably qualified for such an attempt, having collected materials for the history of his country,—an undertaking which his age and the unpropitious circumstances of the times prevented him prosecuting, and he, therefore, determined to give the fruits of some of his researches to the public, in a less ambitious form. In doing this, he has selected for his subject the time of Sigismund Augustus, or about the middle of the sixteenth century, the most brilliant epoch of the Polish annals, for the prudent measures of his father had secured to that prince a durable peace; the territory of Poland was extended by the voluntary annexation of Lithuania and Liefland; the nation enjoyed prosperity; it was held in respect by its neighbours; while freedom, commerce, and letters, caused it to flourish internally.

John of Tenczyn returns home to his paternal seat, after having been absent for several years, at the court of the emperor, Charles V., accompanied by Don Alonso de Medina Celi, a young Spanish cavalier. The castle of the old Woiwode of Tenczyn happens, at this juncture, to be a rendezvous of numerous guests, among whom the reader is agreeably introduced to many personages, who then figured at the court of Cracow. Not less interesting is the description of an assembly of the electors, at which the elder Tenczyn is present, and which is held for the purpose of choosing a deputy for the approaching meeting of the states. The scene now changes to the splendid court of Sigismund, the magnificence of which is well described. The king appoints the younger Tenczyn, his envoy, to the Swedish court, whither he proceeds, and is received with marked attention

by Erick XIV., while in the Princess Cecilia, the sister of that monarch, he meets with an object, to whom his heart becomes tenderly attached, and who returns his passion with equal warmth. After displaying his gallantry and address at the court of Erick, and having executed his mission, he takes his leave, but not before he has promised his mistress to repair to her again; and as soon as he has obtained his father's consent and that of his sovereign, to his marriage with the princess, he again sets out for Sweden. But certain circumstances induce the King of Denmark to attempt to intercept the young Polish envoy, and seize his person: for this purpose, Danish vessels are sent out to chase that which is about to convey Tenczyn to the shores of Sweden, but, although, after suffering many difficulties, he eventually escapes his pursuers, it is only to be shipwrecked upon a Norwegian island. Here he is hospitably entertained by a clergyman; and the daughter of his host conceives a passion for him; but, faithful to his mistress, he rejects all her advances, and gives himself up to despair. At length, the author extricates both his hero and himself from their dilemma, by making Tenczyn fall from a rock; and with this catastrophe the romance finishes. It must be confessed, that the interest of the story falls off completely in the last volume; indeed, the first is by far the best of the three, and contains many well drawn pictures. It is to be regretted that the author should have transferred his hero from Poland, and have thereby not only quitted the scene most congenial to his talent, but given to the remainder of the work too much of a merely episodic character.

#### SERENADE.

AWAKE! awake! my lady love.  
Oh 'tis the hour  
When love hath power,  
Awake! awake! my lady love.  
Let the rose love the ray  
Of the sunlit day,  
Let the violet's blue bell  
Shrink beneath the soft spell  
Of the dim and the shadowy gloaming.  
But not like those  
Is beauty's rose,  
But brighter far  
Than night's first star,  
'Tis then she bath her brightest blooming.  
Then wake, then wake, my lady love;  
Oh, 'tis the hour  
When love hath power,  
Awake! awake, my lady love. R. M.

#### THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE Diary for the month of August, lacks nothing of the smart and caustic spirit that usually characterises this department of that periodical. The writer certainly cannot be said to possess 'beaucoup d'onction,' unless it be that he mixes up with his observations plenty of oil of vitriol; and, without uniformly coinciding with him, we think that he deserves credit for the uncompromising manner in which he exposes much of that fearful mass of abuse, error, and humbug, which, even in this enlightened age, as we phrase it, pervades society. The mischiefs of our legal

system, and the iniquitous practice that some how or other finds its way into our courts, notwithstanding their so much vaunted purity, are touched with a tolerably free pen; nor are Mr. Peel's attempts to reform our criminal code, so complimented as they have been elsewhere. 'Mr. Peel,' says the diarist, 'did but scratch the soil of the Augean stable, with a silver tooth-pick. He set about emptying the greatest sewer that ever stank under the noses of a much-enduring public, tasting every drop of the ordure before he ventured to throw it away, in order to be assured that it was not turtle soup.'

The acquittal of Maule, the stage-coachman, who caused the death of a man by running against another coach, because it was not proved whether the animals he drove were mares or geldings; and the acquittal of Sheen, the murderer of his child, in consequence of some quibble respecting the name of the infant, are most precious specimens of the advantage arising from a bigotted attachment to forms, in defiance of common sense. If such things be right, what can possibly be wrong? If this be technicality, what is rascality? It should seem as if the adage—*Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat* was about to be fulfilled, and the excess of stultification exhibited on these occasions must, unless we be altogether a nation of idiots, open the eyes of the public to the enormity and absurdity of the system, and so at length bring about a complete reform. As managed at present, the law seems designed quite as much to favour iniquity as to punish it.

#### BARTHOLOMEW FAIR,

As usual, on the third day of September, the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by his officers of state, and a large assemblage of his 'good citizens' proceeded to Smithfield, celebrated in history by exhibitions of all kinds, from the burning of a martyr to the feats of a mountebank,—and having gone through the usual forms, declared the said good citizens licensed to play tricks or witness them according to their will and pleasure.—On my arrival at the entrance of the market, which, as my London readers know, is on ordinary occasions devoted to the sale of cows and other cattle, my ears were violently assailed by the cries of 'here they are penny a pint orline plums,' 'taste afore ye buy,' 'here's a lumping hap'orth,' 'here's the right sort,' &c. &c. this was the prologue. The *dramatis personæ* consisted of giants, dwarfs, monkeys, lions, monsters of every kind, children with two heads and men with none, conjurers, learned pigs, in short every wonder that was in the world, and some wonders that were not. I did not go to Smithfield for nothing, and the cry of 'walk up ladies and gemmen here they are all alive was not lost upon me, as it was upon many a bystander who had more wit or less money. I contrived, with some difficulty, to push through the crowd and to arrive at the bottom of certain steps which led to the abode of a certain prodigy of nature, called 'the wonderful large Hampshire lady.' This lady's fair face was lost in fat, and her nose appeared like a yew tree, in the distance, between two mountains,



while her arms were literally as thick as an ordinarily fed person's body; she larded the lean boards as she walked along, and stood calmly by while the man of the show dwelt with energy and warmth on her fascinating charms, (so stands the statue that enchants the world,) and declared her the prime wonder of the universe. In the next booth was a juvenile dwarf, who, at his introduction, began pinching the knees of the *lookers down* to make them retrograde and give him breathing-room,—beside him were two misses his companions who were too feminine to pinch, and therefore made use of their privileged weapon and exclaimed 'fall back there;' these diminutive creatures 'natives of Lilliput,' as the placard stated, were accompanied by one whom the said placard denominated a young Chinese lady with white hair and eyes, 'dabbled in blood' who came forward and intreated the spectators to look into the one and examine the other, and be convinced that she, at least, was a woman without deception. I entreated of the fair lady a lock of her snowy tresses, and, I blush to tell it, she replied by bidding me go to — 'that bourne from whence no traveller returns'; all this, the description of which I conceive to be worth two pence, was seen for one penny, and a glorious penny worth it was, far exceeding the account given on the outside by one of the gentler sex, whose breath was so impregnated with gin, that she might have been smelt as well as heard by the gaol-birds in the Old Bailey; her promissory note was (pointing to the canvass painting,) that "men could do great things, but they could not make things like them—all alive—and only one penny." The next sight was also to be seen for the same sum;—it was a wonderful giantess, 'towering like the virtuous Marcia above her sex,' by at least two feet. So said her poet laureate, who, like all poets, had somewhat exaggerated in describing her perfections, for the woman was but a mere mortal woman after all, and would have been a dwarf at Brobdignag. Next I beheld a most learned pig, who informed me that I was in love, and told me what the hour was.

Then came the conjuror, who wanted to make a pancake in my hat, and to borrow a shilling. Next was another extraordinary dwarf of Irish birth, who swore two or three Irish oaths, and gave the spectators two or three Irish thumps. She informed the *company* that she had two children, and that she was obliged to tie them to the leg of the table to prevent their running into the rat-holes. Then I visited a most prodigious giant, who assured me that he had been in the army, where he was allowed double rations, and could devour three turkeys, with sauce, at a meal. From hence I went to visit the wild beasts, a rare assemblage of monkeys, lions, tigers, wolves and 'all foreign animals of every kind, sort and description whatsoever.' The greatest amusement here was derived from the explanations which the keeper gave of the nature and properties of the beasts and beastesses, and the addition of a short account of the country from whence each was brought. The white bear, he said, was a native of the island of Mada-

gascar. The elephant came from the Desert of Arabia, where there were no trees nor water, and the animal carried a supply of both in his trunk. The prodigious bonassus, who had the honour to receive a visit from the king and the royal family, was born in Mesopotamia. And the monkey, who could do every thing but speak English, was born and bred in the Isle of Man. The lion was the same who tore the horse of the Exeter mail, and a piece of the said horse's skin was preserved as a trophy and nailed to the den. After these and similar accounts the keeper exhibited his hat, and, assuring the company that he had no other payment, intreated of them their pence; many had vanished before the application, and others felt the necessity of withholding the penny, which would gain them a sight of the Chinese lady, or the learned pig. From the wild beasts I went to the players, who made a brilliant appearance in the front of Mr. Richardson's booth; "Veluti in speculum" was over the door, and before it were the actors, who had covered their rags with the habiliments of kings and queens, and their countenances with a profusion of red and white paint. Just a going to begin was the spell-word that called me into the play-house, and after mingling for half an hour among crowds of the fair people, and the 'pies-all-hot' men, the curtain rose. Of the play I could understand nothing, save that two of the personages had to fight a duel, and, as they could muster but one pistol, it was courteously agreed upon that one should fire first and the other afterwards, which was done accordingly. The night was drawing on when I left the theatre of Messrs. Richardson and Co. and the crowd in all parts of Smithfield were becoming too noisy even for the observations of one who was professedly seeking amusement, and for nothing else. I had some inclination to visit the ball-room of the fair worthies, the admission to which was sixpence, including beer; but I feared lest the red-breasts of Bow-street might find it necessary to disturb their innocent enjoyments, and assist me to conclude the night in the 'narrow house' appointed for all who cannot be merry and wise; so I took my departure from Bartholemew fair, resolved to 'chronicle' my observations for the information and amusement of all who desire to obtain both without taking the trouble to seek out either.

H.

## MR. GURNEY'S STEAM CARRIAGE.

A FEW days since we attended to witness the operation of the new carriage invented by this gentleman for conveying passengers by steam-power in lieu of horses. We were certainly not prepared to find that such numerous difficulties as obviously present themselves against the use of steam engines on common roads, could possibly have been overcome to the extent which this beautiful invention displays. The nuisance of a volume of smoke issuing from a chimney flue is altogether obviated by Mr. Gurney using coke instead of coal. The next difficulty was that of ensuring *perfect safety* from any risk of explosion of steam boilers; which is accomplished

by having a frame work of wrought iron pipes about an inch and a quarter diameter, which receives the water at one extremity, and passing immediately over the top of the live fuel, each pipe delivers the steam into a chamber not in contact with the fire, from which chamber it is conveyed to the working cylinders. Each pipe being independent of the others, in case of the pipe burning out or melting (which is scarcely possible) the only inconvenience would be the extinction of the fire for a few minutes. The machinery is entirely beneath the body of the carriage. The tank, carrying a sufficient supply of water for an hour's consumption, is a flat reservoir, three inches deep, and enclosed immediately beneath the feet of the passengers. Under this tank the working cylinders are placed horizontally, their pistons communicating immediately with cranks fixed to the hind axle. The length of the stroke is about twenty inches, and the diameter of cylinders about seven inches. The conductor, who sits in front, appears to have the carriage under the most entire control, by regulating the supply of steam with a lever on the left hand, and directing the carriage with the right hand. The velocity with which it travels we should estimate at seven to eight miles an hour; and it appears to get over inequalities of the road without any impediment to the machinery.

We have not heard whether the carriage has yet been tried on hilly ground, but if the engine has sufficient power, we see no impediment to its progress in ascending hills. The carriage travels without any apparent vibration or noise; and is capable of being stopped at pleasure and turned in either direction. We understand the expense of travelling, after the first cost of these steam carriages, will not amount to a fourth part of the expenses of a four-horse coach, and that, with a sufficiently powerful engine, they may be propelled, with safety, at eleven or twelve miles an hour.

## M. MANUEL.

THE police, a few days back, seized in the libraries of Paris a pamphlet entitled *An Historical Account of the Funeral Obsequies of M. Manuel, Ancient Deputy of La Vendée*. This pamphlet contains the discourse, pronounced over the grave by M. Lafitte banker, and member of the Chamber of Deputies; of M. de Schonen, counsellor of La Cour Royal of Paris; and of General Lafayette. We give the speech of the latter, as it is so remarkable for its energy and for the patriotic sentiments which it contains: it may also serve as a brief outline of the life of M. Manuel.

*Discourse of General Lafayette over the Tomb of M. Manuel, August 24, 1827.*

After M. Lafitte had finished speaking, General Lafayette said,—

'You have just heard the affecting and patriotic accents of public grief and private friendship; impressed with the same sentiments, it is not without extreme emotion that I approach this tomb, which is about to close upon the eloquent defender of public liberty. Here, gentlemen, I see myself surrounded with funeral monuments which recall to mind great afflictions,



great recollections, great talents, and illustrious victims. Here repose two honourable friends and colleagues of Manuel: the generous and brave General Foy, equally brilliant in political debates and in the field of battle, a true model of French honour; and the frank and courageous Girardin, who, in the Chamber of Deputies, denounced the violation of a royal charter with the same warmth as he defended, in the Legislative Assembly, in 1792, the constitutional laws which the sovereignty of the people had established. We have seen all these three mutually and patriotically upholding each other in the discussions at the Chamber. History will not fail to preserve the remembrance of Manuel, who, when yet very young, in the wonderful campaigns of the republican army in Italy, shared the glory of belonging to the tri-coloured standard; who afterwards, at the crisis of the Hundred Days, in the Chamber of the Representatives, acquired general admiration, esteem, and confidence; and who, in the Chamber of Deputies, has since pronounced those discourses which are engraven on the heart and memory of every patriot. Allow me, however, to dwell for a moment upon that remarkable 4th of March when the most outrageous injustice that ever nullified the proceedings of a deliberative assembly was committed against him, and when we beheld him so courageous, so calm, so faithful to his mission: nor was that day less honourable to the National Guard of Paris, that happy creation of the year eighty-nine, always devoted to the cause of liberty, equality, and public order, and whose admirable services, though interrupted at three remarkable epochs, are yet a sure guarantee to us of their future restoration and of a complete return to the principles of their primitive institution.

'You have been told, and all the other friends of M. Manuel will attest the same, that from the period of his retreat up to the last hour of his life, he continued to wish, to hope for the liberty of his country, and earnestly to desire it, as it ought to be desired. For ourselves, fellow-citizens, it is at the tomb of the most zealous servants of the people that it becomes us to impress ourselves more and more deeply with a respect and devotion for that country's imprescriptible rights, to make those rights the object of our most virtuous, most energetic desires, the most important of our interests, and the most sacred of our duties.'

#### IN SILENT WOODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'AHAB.'

IN silent woods, where waters run,  
'Tis sweet to sit at close of day,  
And watch the slowly setting sun  
In shadowy softness fade away;  
And list' the gurgling of the stream,  
As o'er its pebbly bed it glides;  
Till rapt in inspiration's dream,  
The soul on fancy's pinion rides.  
'Tis then that man, if he has loved,  
And been beloved, recalls the time  
When tranquil as that stream he moved  
Unharm'd by ill, unscath'd by crime.  
Then to the past his mind recurs,  
Before him stands the long lost maid,  
In all the beauty that was hers,  
Ere wounded love began to fade.  
She whispers him of joys long past,  
Of rapt'rous feelings, ne'er forgot;  
Joys that were all too sweet to last,  
Far better if remember'd not.

Again she sits her by his side;  
Again he feels her hand of snow  
His raven locks in play divide,  
Gently as she was wont to do.  
Her voice again he seems to hear  
All music, like the midnight bird,  
Breathing melodious in his ear  
The tale that it so oft has heard.  
Thus dreaming past delights, he lies  
Till Sol, with faint and fading beam,  
Throws, as in western clouds he dies,  
His last pale shadow on the stream.

S. R. J.

#### FINE ARTS.

THE Book of Fables, by James Northcote, Esq. R. A., so long expected, is at length nearly completed. We have seen specimens of the wood cuts which are designed by this veteran artist, and by Mr. William Harvey.

The rich inventive powers of Mr. Northcote, as we had anticipated, would furnish abundant designs for the taste and talent of Mr. Harvey, whose engravings on wood are of surpassing excellence. This admired artist has enriched the volume too, with a series of the most beautiful vignettes, designed by himself, and engraved also by his own hand with that taste and freedom, which raises his works above all competition with ancient or modern engravings on wood.

In addition to the joint labours of these, the work is enriched by the engravings of the following reputed artists, Messrs. Bonner, R. and F. Branstons, D. and I. Dodd, Jackson, Mosses, Nesbit, Sears, and White, forming together, nearly three hundred engravings on wood, a series of graphic illustrations, with which nothing that we have seen can compete.

The work is composed of one hundred fables, in prose and verse, original and selected by Mr. Northcote. Those who are acquainted with the acuteness of this distinguished artist's observations upon men and manners, his knowledge of life and things in general, indeed, will naturally expect a work of originality and singular merit, in which expectation we venture to predict, they will not be disappointed.

The Pen and the Ink, the Mice and the Cheese, the Thresher and the Wheat-ear, the Dog among the Geese, and indeed all the subjects which we have seen, as illustrative of this choice publication, do honour to modern art, will perpetuate the name of its very distinguished author Mr. Harvey, and all concerned in the production of so unique a specimen of the capacities of the British press.

In our recent rambles among the arts, we have moreover seen a painting of a horse, the size of life, by Mr. Ward, which promises to leave all his other works far behind. The head is decidedly superior to every study of that noble object either in sculpture or painting, that has fallen under our notice, not even excepting that so celebrated among the Elgin marbles. This large picture is being painted for the proprietor of the horse.

Mr. Ward has also recently painted a picture of an *Arabian*, in full action, taking a flying leap over a ravine. The fire and energy

displayed in this difficult position, manifests the anatomical science of this great master, and at the same time the picture displays a spirited execution, and a power of colouring, united with truth too, which has never been attained in any of the former schools. This inimitable picture is painted for the Earl of Londonderry, the horse being the property of his lordship.

A group of a horse and mare, both *Arabs*, introduced in a rich park scene, forming a picture on a large scale, is a work also in progress by Mr. Ward.

Two other celebrated high bred horses and some cows, selected for their beauty and their breed, have also been recently painted by this first of animal painters, for their several proprietors. It cannot fail to gratify all amateurs of painting, to know that this liberal spirit of patronage, is fast encreasing and diffusing its benefit largely to all of the first class of artists of the British school.

Mr. Bayley, is rapidly proceeding with his group of the Triumph of Britannia for the pediment of the east façade of the new palace Buckingham-house, together with other works for his Majesty.

We have always hoped to live to see the epoch, when the fine arts should spread east of Temple-bar. All the world bears testimony to the liberality of our merchants and great commercialists; hence, should these commodities once become objects of interest on Change, the books at the Bank might record the names of the sons of Minerva, as proprietors of stock! Hitherto, at the stock-exchange sculpture has been regarded, but as stocks and stones.

These reflections arise out of the agreeable fact,—that the worthies of Mark-lane, have determined to adorn their new *Greek structure*, for the corn market, with a noble sculptured group, to surmount the centre of the cornice, on the front of its roof. We have seen some of the designs sent by several sculptors, rival competitors for the honour of the commission; and understand, that Mr. Cotterel, a sculptor of great promise, has gained the prize. We congratulate this artist upon the event, as, however great his desert, this is the first public commission which he has obtained.

#### THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—One of the most attractive little comedies we have witnessed for several years, was brought out at this favourite theatre on Thursday evening, under the title of *Spring and Autumn*, said to be from the pen of Mr. Kenny. The plot of the piece is sufficiently simple:—a lady arrived at a certain, though indefinite, age, bestows her fair hand on a gay son of Mars, twenty years younger than herself, with the hopes of matrimonial felicity; how far that object is realized, may be inferred when it is stated that the heroine is a complete shrew, and the happy husband a reformed rake, though relieved by matrimony from some of his debts, is yet so goaded by the jealousy and overbearing pretensions of his better half, that he at length turns the tables on the lady and as-



sums the command of his own household, these characters were sustained by Mrs. Clifford, and Mr. Cooper in the spirited style of our old comedy. Farren sustained the character of a quaint old country baronet, Sir Simon Slack, in which the rich comic talent of that favorite actor told with very great effect. Mrs. Glover, in an arch dashing widow of a general officer, was quite as much at home as if she had gone through half a dozen campaigns. The character was, perhaps, not quite equal to Mrs. Glover's capacity, but she certainly threw into it all that purity of comic humour which she possesses in so eminent a degree. The performers throughout exerted themselves apparently under the full persuasion of the entire success of the piece, and they were not disappointed. The dialogue is sparkling, and the interest maintained without interruption; though in one or two instances good taste would suggest the omission of the *double entendre*. When Farren gave out the piece for repetition, prefacing it with one of his dry phrases, 'under existing circumstances, ladies and gentlemen,' we never heard greater shouts of applause. *Spring and Autumn* will return yet many a season, or we are no prophets.

#### VARIETIES.

##### TO MARTHA.

WELL, well, my pretty moralist,  
I grant, upon reflexion,  
The girls should have, as you insist,  
The gentlemen's protection;  
So much moreover to the part  
You hold I now incline,  
That I'll consent, with all my heart,  
To take you under mine. H. 1. 2.

It is a remarkable fact, in corroboration of the tendency of gaseous bodies to assume the liquid state under a high degree of pressure, that the iron cylinders in which the portable oil gas is carried about the town, usually contains a portion of liquid, which is not oil, but a supercarburated fluid of very high inflammability, and almost colourless or water-colour.

*Dr. Parr.*—In one of the notes of the *Bibliotheca Parriana*, the doctor has recorded a circumstance that speaks more for his candour than his discretion. He had, it seems, allured by the title, supposing it to be a philological treatise, bought a copy of *Meursii Elegantiæ Latini Sermonis*. The rest of the title was sufficient to have explained the nature of this most impure production; it was not, however, until he had read several pages that he discovered his mistake. The worthy doctor, alarmed for the morals of his boys, and afraid that the work might catch their eye, parted with it; but afterwards got his friend H. Homer to procure him a small 8vo copy: this he gave to a Mr. Pearson, after which he had a third copy in duodecimo presented to him by a learned and grave non-com. divine. He has enjoined his executors 'either to destroy the book, or to take care into whose hands it may fall!' Surely the doctor must believe this to be an exceedingly charitable world, or he would hardly have risked the strange constructions that may be put upon this little anecdote; nor can we help thinking that he would have acted full as wisely, if, instead of delegating the office to his executors, he had himself, in the first instance, committed the wicked volume to the flames.

A Poem, descriptive of Henley-on-Thames and its immediate environs, is on the eve of publication.

*St George's New Hospital.*—The building of this new hospital has commenced; it will afford accommodation to a much larger number of patients than the old; and will improve that part of the town where it will be situated.

*Edinburgh College, Wednesday, Aug. 22.* The materials of the old Library Hall, the only existing remnant of the ancient college, were sold; a little square tower at the N. W. angle was used as an observatory by Maclaurins. From an inscription placed underneath the city's arms on a large carved stone slab in the wall, the date of the erection appears—'Senatus Populusque, Edinburgenses, has ædes Christo et musis extruendas curarunt anno Dom. MDCXVII.

*Washington Papers.*—It appears from Mr. Spark's Second Memoir of these Papers, that the work will be divided into six parts.—1. Letters and other Papers relating to Washington's early Military Career in the French Wars, and as Commander of the Virginia Forces.—2. Letters and other Papers relating to the American Revolution.—3. Private Correspondence on Public Affairs.—4. Messages and Addresses.—5. Miscellaneous private Letters.—6. Agricultural Papers. Illustrative and Historical Notes will be inserted throughout the work.

*Americanisms.*—The New York Mirror tells us, two of the most remarkable provincialisms of the United States arise from the manner in which many of their countrymen apply the words *ugly* and *clever*—the first being used to signify badness, not of person, but of heart; and the second, to designate a quality of the heart, instead of the head. We lately read in a Jersey paper of a person who was so ugly that he knocked down four men, and severely bruised them! We have also heard of a person's being so ugly, that, on his looking into a mirror—(we hope none such will ever look into ours!)—it would immediately crack to pieces! But this is not to be compared with the case above mentioned. Only to think!—a man with such an unblessed countenance, that the very sight of it, so we must render it, according to the rules of English—is sufficient to knock down four men, and severely bruise them! The word *clever* is often as much misapplied. We frequently hear of people who are excessively stupid, but very *clever*, notwithstanding. Another incongruity of speech frequent in some parts of the southern states, is as ludicrous as the rest. The words *mighty* and *powerful* are there generally used for the adverbs, *very* and *exceedingly*, and in this sense they qualify almost every adjective. And we often hear of a person's being reduced *mighty* low by sickness, so that he has become *powerful* weak!

A patent has been granted to Mr P. Mackay, of Union Street, Southwark, for an improvement, by which the names of streets and other inscriptions will be rendered more durable and conspicuous. The inscriptions are to be drawn or painted, with white enamel, properly prepared, on plate glass or other glass, by hair pencils or other fit utensils. This contrivance was used in Paris some years ago, where we have seen the names of several streets drawn on glass, with white letters on a blue ground, and set in cast-iron frames. It has this advantage of being easily kept clean, and of the name being continued as fresh and distinct after a lapse of years as when first put up.—*Reperit. of Arts.*

*Fossil Remains.*—The vicinity of Salisbury has often produced specimens of the fossil bones of elephants, rhinoceros, and other animals, now extinct in this country and throughout Europe. Mr. Lyell, of the Geological Society, at a late sitting, read an interesting dissertation on the manner in which these animals became embedded in the stratum of clay or brick earth, in which they are always found.

*Anecdote of the Painter Savenborn.*—Savenborn was so great an enthusiast in his art, that, on the 19th of August, 1772, being seated on the roof of the hotel belonging to the senator, Count Ferzen, at Stockholm, busied in copying the beautiful perspective of the port, he had not the least idea of the revolution which Gustavus III. had effected that very day. On his return home, in the evening, he was quite surprised to hear it spoken of, and his friends were doubly so at his ignorance. So intent had he been in his occupation, that although he could overlook the whole city, he had neither heard nor seen the troops marching, nor the drums beating, nor the tumult which the crowd must necessarily have made on so momentous an occasion.

*Iron in the Blood.*—The last number of the *Annales de Chemie*, contains an extraordinary communication from M. H. Ross, on the iron which forms the colouring matter of blood. The fact has been doubted by many physiologists, from the difficulty of precipitating the small portion of iron from the earthy and alkaline matter with which it is in combination. If the colouring matter be destroyed by the action of chlorine, and the insoluble matter be separated, all the iron may be precipitated by re-agents. Indeed, there is no other adequate explanation of the colouring matter, than ascribing it to the presence of this metallic substance; the difference of shade between the dark venous blood, and the bright red of arterial blood, being nothing more than the additional oxygen which the latter has recently acquired from the atmosphere, by passing through the lungs.

*Patent Oggers!*—A patent has been lately obtained by a gentleman in the city, for an optical instrument, which we should call oggers, instead of spectacles. It consists of small reflecting mirrors, mounted nearly in the manner of spectacles, but turning on a joint, on the outer side near the temples, so as to enable the wearer to reflect any object on the eye, at pleasure. By this means he can ogle, at discretion, the parties who may be placed behind his back, or in any other part of the room. Whether this ingenious, though whimsical invention, be likely to meet with much patronage, we should entertain some doubt. It may be amusing at a theatre or assembly.

*Potatoe Flour as an Article of Food.*—The Caledonian Mercury of last week, contains a valuable communication from a correspondent, as to the comparative value of potatoe and wheaten flour, giving the preference in every point to that obtained from the potatoe. Though we agree with the writer as to the advantages to be derived from the cultivation of potatoes on a large scale, as a security against a failure of corn crops, we cannot agree with him as to the amount of nutrition to be derived from equal portions of wheaten flour, and that obtained from potatoes. It is admitted, by the best authorities, that one pound of wheaten flour contains as much nutriment as four pounds of the best potatoes. But when it is considered, that potatoes which are vulgarly called 'waxy,' or 'close,' do not contain more than one half



the starch or farinaceous matter, which alone constitutes the nutritive property, it will be obvious that the quantity of actual nutrition derived from potatoes will vary considerably. The writer of this article, has seen numerous cases of cholera morbus amongst the poorest of the Irish peasantry, evidently owing to the inferior quality of the potatoes, which forms almost the only article of food; and as a proof of which, the disease has subsided where they were able to procure a portion of oatmeal to correct the potatoe diet. Independent of the inferior quality of potatoe flour, the root contains a peculiar astringent principle, which is poisonous to a certain degree. Indeed, it is this substance which renders potatoe liquor obnoxious to the whole race of quadrupeds. We believe the unlimited cultivation of potatoes to be more an evil than a benefit, by inducing improvident marriages among the peasantry, from the facility of procuring a miserable subsistence.

The late Rev. R. Cecil, when conversing with a friend, upon the distinguishing traits in the female character, observed, 'that to reason with a woman was generally useless; the feminine mind is not composed of logical materials; indeed,' said he, 'I believe the true definition of a woman is,—a bundle of sympathies.'

A German student, at Berlin, has started a doubt whether we are not six years older than we think ourselves; according to his calculations, the birth of our saviour happened six years earlier than has hitherto been assumed, and consequently, the present year is not 1827, but 1833.

*The Teredo Navalis*.—This most destructive of all the testaceous class of animals to the timber of ships, has been lately shewn by Mr. C. Wilcox, before the Philosophical Society of Portsmouth, to attack teak built ships as well as oak timber. His majesty's ship Sceptre, having lost some of her copper on a foreign station, the timbers were completely pierced through by these destructive animals, so as to render considerable repairs indispensable before she could return to England. This fact shows the propriety of paying the closest attention to our ships on foreign stations.

#### THE ANNUAL VOLUMES.

As the public interest is now somewhat excited with reference to the annual volumes,—on the eve of publication, and as much curiosity exists to ascertain the degree of improvement undergone by the old favourites, together with the pretensions of the new candidates to participate in that patronage so liberally bestowed upon those who have had prior possession of the field, it may be well to give a distinct notice of each,—arranging the family of fair sisters according to their respective ages.

Having received the customary introductions from the respective publishers, and having had the advantage of inspecting the greater number of the illustrations they are to contain, we are enabled to satisfy our readers on the two points in question. None of the old retire, but three new ones make their appearance, and their *debut* is expected to be far more successful than that originally made by either of their rivals. Their success, however, must rest solely on the chance that the 'fashion' for such publications continues on the increase. If the good reputation of those that have had a long standing, be maintained, no rival can reasonably expect to deprive them of the affection they have gained. It is, however, a very fair field for competition, and the public will gain by the struggle; for it has naturally given rise to great exertions on both sides, and we will hazard the assertion, that all the forthcoming volumes will be immeasurably beyond any that have been heretofore published.

*THE FORGET ME NOT*, under the editorship of Mr. Shoberi, is said to be a great improvement on either of its successful and elegant predecessors,—and as this class of publication owes its introduction into England, to its publisher, Mr. Ackermann, we heartily wish its enormous circulation may continue. Mr. Ackermann is possessed of ample means, much expe-

rience, and considerable ability—and it would be strange if he did not equal his competitors.—The literary contributors are advertised as very numerous, and of the most distinguished character. The illustrations consist chiefly of engravings by Edward Finden, from a picture by Howard, R.A., of a lady reclining on a sofa, and reading; of a black girl kneeling, on a desolate shore, from Thompson, R.A.; of a scene from Sterne—Corporal Trim in the kitchen, beautifully engraved by William Finden, from a drawing by Stothard, R.A.; of a drawing by Owen, the burning of the Kent, engraved in an admirable style, by R. Wallis; of a comic subject, two logicians, by Richter, engraved by Shenton, and of a young man placing a plain gold ring on a lady's finger, by Sharpe, engraved by Romney. The cover and case are described as of a peculiarly beautiful and tasteful character.

*THE LITERARY SOUVENIR* again appears under the superintendence of Mr. Alaric A. Watts, and if we are indebted to Mr. Ackermann for the introduction of this class of works, our gratitude is unquestionably due to Mr. Watts, for having given to them that high literary character which they have more recently obtained. We, therefore, sincerely hope he will maintain the high station his volume has always occupied. His contributors are, doubtless, of the most distinguished class, and his embellishments are certainly of the most superior description. Among them we may mention three, which have been engraved by C. Rolls—a powerful auxiliary to these works—Juliet after the masquerade, from a sweet picture by Thompson, R.A.; Medora, the well known painting by Pickersgill, R.A.; and a delightful composition by Leslie, R.A., of the Duke and Duchess reading Don Quixote.

*THE FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING*, now edited by Mr. Charles Knight, the bookseller, and to be published, we understand, by Smith and Elder, in conjunction with Lupton Relfe, promises to make its appearance in a very improved state, although we apprehend it will be delayed to a dangerously late period of the year, in consequence of a considerable delay that took place at its commencement. We have seen but two of the illustrations, one by Kidd, of a lady dressing for the masquerade, and another of a group of children at play—we forget the name of the artist; the former is in the hands of Mr. Armstrong, the latter of Mr. Romney.

*THE AMULET* is advertised as about to make its third appearance, under peculiar advantages. Among its literary contributors (in addition to most of those who usually write for similar publications,) appear the names of Coleridge, Hannah More, Lucy Aiken, the Misses Porter, Archdeacon Wrangham, Rev. Adam Clarke, &c.—no less than sixty altogether, each of whom is popular, and has been successful as a writer. The illustrations (many of which we have seen) consist of engravings executed by the best artists, from paintings by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., Jackson, R.A., Howard, R.A., Jones, R.A., Pickersgill, R.A., Ward, R.A., Smirke, R.A., Landseer, R.A., &c.—Howard's picture is that of a beautiful child in a wood, with her lap full of nuts,—the engraving by W. Finden; Pickersgill's is that of a shepherd boy, with his dog, engraved by Rolls; and that of Sir Thomas Lawrence, a lady walking in a garden, with her child. The set, taken as a whole, are quite excellent, and infinitely superior to those of either of the preceding volumes. The work is also to be contained in a neat case, and bound in rich silk—an improvement of a very advantageous nature, as making it at once more elegant and more lasting.

*THE PLEDGE OF FRIENDSHIP* is also to undergo much improvement, and aspires to obtain a much higher rank than it has hitherto possessed. Its literary contents are now to be altogether original, and its illustrations are from pictures painted expressly for the work. Westall, R.A., Stothard, R.A., Corbould, and that sweet and successful designer, Wright, have supplied excellent subjects for the burins of Messrs. Romney, Davenport, Ensom, and some others. It is to be published at a lower price than either of the other annual works, although it is to increase somewhat upon the charge for the preceding volume of the publication. The publisher, Mr. Marshall, of Holborn Bars, professes to spare no expense to make it excellent.

*THE KEEPSAKE* must undoubtedly rank at the head of our new acquaintances. It is to be published by Mr. Thomas Hurst, and to be produced under the direction of Mr. Charles Heath, the engraver, and Mr. Ainsworth, the bookseller; the former taking on himself the department of art, the latter that of literature. Of the literary contents we know nothing, except, that the whole is to be published anonymously—a dangerous experiment we think. But of the illustrations, we have only to speak in terms of the highest praise—they are indeed *beautiful*—almost perfect, as regards the work of the artist and the engraver. One of them is a female figure, from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence; another, a pair of an-

cient maidens, scolding, by Smirke, R.A.; another, Florence, by Turner, R.A.; another, a little girl dancing down a parterre, by Wright; another, Moses in the bullrushes, by Westall. This volume is to be published in a larger size than the others, and is also to be bound in silk.

*THE BIJOU*, also a new acquaintance, is to appear under the editorship of Mr. Fraser,—a gentleman, whose publications, under the *nom de guerre* of Randolph Fitzestace, are well known to the public. We are led to expect more from this volume than from either of the others, because of the statement, that 'the great unknown' is a contributor, and that some compositions of his Majesty and the late Duke of York will be contained in its pages: these will be, at least, objects of great curiosity. The illustrations are of a very high character—among them is a picture of Wilkie's, and Sir Thomas Lawrence's beautiful painting of a little girl with flowers, which was so much admired in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, a few years since.

*THE WINTER WREATH* is to be published at Liverpool, and, we understand, the profits are to be devoted to charitable purposes. The names of Hannah More and Wordsworth are mentioned among its contributors. From the specimens we have seen of the engravings, we are not led to anticipate that much will be done in this department to make it vie with its competitors.

We have thus briefly noticed the eight of those forthcoming volumes, which, like so many chrysanthomums, gladden the dreary days of winter. In the course of a short time, it will, doubtless, be our duty to introduce each more formally to our readers.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. H. T. Jones, B.D., fellow of St. John's, Oxford, to the vicarage of Charlbury.

The Rev. J. Markham, to a minor canonry in Windsor Cathedral.

The Rev. G. B. Blomfield, M.A., rector of Tattenhall, Cheshire, to a prebendary stall in Chester Cathedral.

The Rev. R. Watkinson, of Earls Colne, to the rectory of St. Lawrence, Newland, Essex.

The Rev. J. Luxmore, of Wimborne, Dorset, to the vicarage of Berriew, Montgomeryshire.

The Rev. J. Symonds, B.A., to the vicarage of Dymock, Worcestershire.

The Rev. T. F. Penrose, to the vicarage of Radcliffe-upon-Trent.

#### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.		
Aug. 31	58	61	57	30	30	Fair.
Sept. 1	58	64	52	..	37	Fine.
.... 2	58	65	54	..	31	Fine.
.... 3	57	65	56	..	31	Fine.
.... 4	55	58	54	..	31	Fine.
.... 5	58	63	50	..	28	Cloudy.
.... 6	56	61	56	..	30	Cloudy.

**WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.**—Foy's History of the Peninsular War, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 15s.—Bredow's Elements of Universal History, 12mo. 5s.—Little Frank, the Irish Boy, 1s. 6d.—Trollope's Homer's Iliad, with English Notes, £1. 4s.—Plumbe on the Skin, 8vo. 15s.—History of Wilford and Merton, 2s. 6d.—Alcock's Management and Diseases of Children, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

#### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

H. C. shall have a letter from us this week.

Before we give any opinion in respect of the MS. forwarded by E. P. S., we must see the conclusion of the article.

The valuable communications of T. H. H. have come to hand.

We shall be happy to hear from G. L. Tidings from 'that ilk' have been long looked for, and with some impatience.

The communication of Vetus is fitter for a political journal than for ours. We never grapple with such subjects till they are forced upon us, and then dismiss them as speedily as we may.

To X. we reply in the words of one of the most sensible of modern writers, 'More undertakings fall for want of spirit than for want of sense. Confidence gives a fool the advantage over a wise man.'

We are not sufficiently awake to the merits ('palpable,' as the writer 'conceives them to be,') of The Lover's Vision.



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